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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*The Life of Sir Edward Coke; with Memoirs of his Contemporaries.* By C. W. Johnson, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1837. Colburn.

THIS is a very valuable work, illustrating one of the most important periods in our history, and written in a candid spirit, whose judgment is based on materials collected with great industry. It was a remarkable time, fertile in remarkable men; and Coke was of the first order, whether with reference to his talents or to the part that he played. As, however, our columns are no place for political discussion, we shall rather choose our extracts from portions whose interest is of a more general order.

*Diary of a Canvassing Member.*—"About the year 1640, in a private manuscript, J. Harrington, Esq. of Kelston, Somersetshire, thus described his canvass, in the December of that year.

"*A Note of my Bathe Business about the Parliament.*

"Saturday, December 26. Went to Bathe and dined with the mayor and citizens; conferred about my election to serve in parliament, as my father was helpless, and ill able to go any more. Went to the George Inn at night; met the bailiffs, and desired to be dismissed from serving; drank strong beer and methelin (mead); expended about three shillings; went home late; but could not get excused, as they entertained a good opinion of my father.—Monday, December 28. Went to Bathe; met Sir John Horner; we were chosen by the citizens to serve for the city; the mayor and citizens conferred about parliamentary business. The mayor promised Sir John Horner and myself a horse a piece, when we went to London to the parliament, which we accepted off; and we talked about the synod and ecclesiastical dismissions. I am to go again on Thursday and meet the citizens about all such matters, and take advice thereon.—Thursday, 31. Went to Bathe: Mr. Ashe preached; dined at the George Inn with the mayor and four citizens: spent at dinner six shillings in wine. Laid out in victuals, at the George Inn, xis. 4d.; laid out in drinking, viis.; laid out in tobacco and drinking vessels, iiii. 4d.—January 1. My father gave me 4l. to bear my expenses to Bathe. Mr. Chapman, the mayor, came to Kelston, and returned thanks for my being chosen to serve in parliament, to my father, in the name of all the citizens. My father gave me good advice touching my speaking in parliament as the city should direct. Came home late at night from Bathe: much troubled heret concerning my proceeding, truly for men's good report and mine own safety.—Note. I gave the city messenger iis. for bearing the mayor's note to me: laid out in all viiis. for victuals, drink, and horsehire, together with divers gifts."

The marriage of his daughter, hoping by that means to regain the court favour lost by his upright conduct as judge, is a strange picture of the times, and ends most miserably.

The Reverend George Garrad, in a letter to Lord Deputy Wentworth, dated March 17, 1637, remarked,—“Here is a new business revived; your lordship hath heard of a strong

friendship heretofore betwixt Sir Robert Howard and the Lady Purbeck, for which she was called into the high commission, and there sentenced to stand in a white sheet in the Savoy church, which she avoided then by flight, and hath not been much looked after since, having lived much out of town, and constantly these last two years with her father, at Stoke, until he died; but this winter she lodged herself on the water side, over against Lambeth, I fear too near the road of the Archbishop Barge, whereof some complaint being made, she had a sergeant-at-arms sent with a warrant from the lords of the council to send her to the gatehouse, whence she will hardly get out until she have done her penance. The same night was a warrant sealed, signed by the lords, to the warden of the Fleet, to take Sir Robert Howard, at Suffolk House, and to carry him to the Fleet; but there was never any proceeding against him, for he refused to take the oath *ex-officio*, and had then the parliament to back him out, but I fear he will not escape now. Two months afterwards, Mr. Garrad, in addressing the lord deputy, May 19, 1635, reported,—“No news yet of the Lady Purbeck, since her escape out of the gatehouse; but Sir Robert Howard lies before it still a close prisoner in the Fleet; being so committed from the High Commission Court, until he shall bring her forth, who, being there, cannot do it, for he sees nobody; and, if he were out, would not do it. So that he is like miserable and like to pay dear for his unlawful pleasures.” And on the 24th of June, 1635, he writes,—“Sir Robert Howard, after one month's close confinement in the Fleet, obtained his liberty, giving two thousand pounds bond, never more to come at the Lady Purbeck, wherein he stands bound alone; but for his appearance within thirty days, if he be called, two of his brothers stand bound with him in fifteen hundred pounds; so I hope there is an end of that business. The lady, I hear, passed in man's clothes, first into Jersey, since, she is gone to France, and there means to continue.” And finally, the Reverend George Garrad, when writing to the Lord Deputy Wentworth, July 30, 1637, told him,—“The Lady Purbeck is heard of. It seems she went first into the Isle of Guernsey, disguised in man's apparel. You know who is governor there, her kinsman, the Earl of Danby; but he knew nothing of it. Thence she went to St. Maloe's, and is still in one part of France, where I wish she might stay, but it seems not good so to the higher powers, for there is of late an express messenger sent to seek her, with a privy seal from his majesty, to summons her into England, within six months from the receipt thereof, which, if she does not obey, she is to be proceeded against according to the laws of this kingdom.”

*Coke's Monument.*—"Tittleshall church contains his monument, as well as his grave. The tombstone was erected, according to Walpole, by Nicholas Stone, master mason, at the cost of four hundred pounds. It is of polished marble; on the top are his armorial bearings, with the four cardinal virtues. On this tomb is also a full-length effigy, with an inscription,

which I subjoin in Latin and in English. The motto is affixed, ‘*Prudens qui Patiens.*’”

*Comparison between Coke and Bacon.*—"It begins with Bacon's eloquent letter published in ‘The Cabala,’ and adds—"Such were the angry, though half friendly, admonitions of the great Bacon to his talented rival. He could find in Coke's character but two causes of accusation—he was avaricious, he was talkative. The man who, with an immense professional income, buried himself in his chambers, could have had but few sources of expenditure. Coke's income, from his studious habits, would of necessity largely exceed his expenditure; and, if he did talk occasionally at too great a length, it is a crime which other great judges have committed with perfect impunity; and their sovereigns, far greater monarchs than James the First, never thought they ought, in consequence, to be removed from the bench. And if Coke did not always write or talk in the language of a philosopher, neither did he use to his sovereign the language of the convicted betrayer of justice, or write receipts for the wages of his corruptions. It is little surprising, that if these were Coke's greatest crimes, that it should be said of him by his master, King James, ‘Whatever way that man falls, he will alight upon his legs.’ Sir Edmund Coke and Francis Lord Bacon were by far the most extraordinary men of their age. England had never before seen two such legal rivals in her courts, and time has not since produced any two lawyers who can be compared to these great opponents in her Augustan age. Widely differing, however, as these two great men did, in character, they yet resembled each other in many circumstances of their splendid career. They were both elevated by the smiles of the court; they were both, in some measure, sacrificed to propitiate the clamours of a party. They both trusted too much to the friendship of the regal favourite; both courted the favour of Villiers, duke of Buck-

\* "Nicholas Stone, who erected this fine monument, was the most celebrated person in his day for tombstones, and other memorials of the dead; he appears to have been very extensively employed, and to have obtained very great prices, when the value of money and other circumstances are taken into consideration. He kept an account in a pocket-book of the work he performed, the prices he obtained, and the treatment he received from his employers. The book was in the possession of Virtue, and employed by Horace Walpole in his ‘Anecdotes of Painting,’ who has given several extracts. Thus he tells us, that he erected the monument of Coke, at the church of Tittleshall, in Norfolk, for which he was paid four hundred pounds; he had before been employed on a statue of Sir Edward Coke,—for in the account of the various sums of money paid to his workmen for wages, is this entry:—1629. John Hargrave made a statue from Sir Edward Coke for 15l. For the Paston family, from whom Coke had his first wife, he was exclusively employed, he tells us:—“And in 1629, I made a tomb for my Lady Paston, of Norfolk, and set it up at Paston; and was very extraordinarily entertained there, and paid for it 340l. And in 1632, I made a chimney-piece for Mr. Paston, set up at Oxnett, in Norfolk, and for the which I had 800l.; and one statue of Venus and Cupid, and had 300l. for it; and one statue of Jupiter, 22l.; and the three-headed dog Cerberus, with a pedestal, 14l.; and Ceres and Hercules, and Mercury, 50l.; and a tomb of my Lady Catherine, his dear wife, 2000l.; and a little chimney-piece in a banquetting-house, 300l.; and one rance marble table with a foot, 15l.; and divers other things sent down from time to time, as painting of arms, &c.; and in May 1641, sent to him three statues, the one Apollo, Diana, Juno,—agreed for 25l. a piece, with pedestals. The statues of Ceres, Hercules, and Mercury, according to Walpole, were, upon the extinction of the Paston family, transferred to Lord Buckingham's seat, at Blickling.”

ingham, with an earnestness equally intense and disgraceful. They had each dark shades in their character. If Coke was proud and avaricious, Bacon was meanly subservient; and unblushingly took bribes, miscoloured presents, from the suitors in his court. If Coke was economical, and even parsimonious, he died rich; if Bacon was generous and liberal, he died in debt. They differed, too, in the nature of their attainments. Bacon excelled in general knowledge—was profound in the highest walks of philosophy. Coke had paid little attention to these noble researches; his philosophy made him believe in witches, conjurers, and in the promises of the alchemist; but in history, in all the deep readings of the common and statute law, he left his great opponent at an immeasurable distance. Bacon had the greater genius; Coke the most industry and application: the first had a mind the most comprehensive, and capable of the highest flights; the last had the greater power of application and of exclusive attention. The mind of the one was as utterly incapable of producing the *Novum Organum*, as the other was to luxuriate among the dry immortal sections of the *Commentaries* upon Littleton. Queen Elizabeth decided in this spirit, when Essex so perseveringly advocated Bacon's interests for the vacant solicitor-generalship; she admitted his philosophy when she doubted the depth of his law. Their rivalry, too, was remarkable both for its intenseness and its long duration. They were rivals as pleaders; competitors for the same law offices under the crown; and even struggled to obtain the same lady in marriage. Both of these two great men attained the highest legal situations. Bacon became the head of the court of equity; Coke held the highest common law office in the gift of the crown. Both were charged with malversation in the administration of their official duties: one with the unsoundness of his law, the other with the badness of his equity. The king removed his chief justice; the parliament impeached and disqualified the chancellor. Both died in disgrace, though they had partially recovered the smiles of royalty. Bacon was at the house of a stranger, in which he had taken refuge, when he was suddenly attacked with his mortal malady; and Coke had hardly a more peaceful death, for, in his last hour, his house was searched, and his papers seized by the officers of the crown. Coke was ten years of age, when Bacon was born; they had both the advantage of powerful connexions; both married well. Bacon had the most brilliant, Coke the most lengthened career, for he survived his great opponent about eight years. Time, which sobers the contentions of political parties, has assigned to each their respective meed of praise and of condemnation. The general reader has long since yielded to both their equal mixture of praise and reprobation. The name of Coke to such students of England's history, brings to mind his immortal *Comments*, his Reports, and the way in which he bullied poor Raleigh at Winchester. Bacon's name he associates with all that is triumphant in modern experimental philosophy, and disgraceful in the conduct of a chief judge in equity. They were both great men; both had their weak points; and are both entitled to the grateful plaudits of posterity."

*The Peerage in the Coke Family.*—"Sir Edward Coke died a commoner; his name was not enrolled amongst the peers, and his descendants are still numbered with the great and leading commoners of England. It is true that one branch of his descendants was for a generation elevated to the peerage; that they

have had one Earl of Leicester in the family, but it was for one generation only, the holder of the title long outliving his talented and only son. To the family, the name of Coke is sufficiently honourable, for, amongst lawyers and legislators, the name would derive no additional lustre from his being created a peer. It is true that William Pitt, 'the boy minister of England,' was willing to wipe away the reproach that the peers of England did not have a Coke amongst their number; it is true that he tendered a peerage to the present Mr. Coke; an offer which was certainly declined. A vague rumour is prevalent in the east of England, that the reason for the refusal arose from the hesitation of Mr. Pitt to grant the title of Leicester. But this report I know to be erroneous. Mr. Coke himself told me, that he refused a peerage from William Pitt, because he could not support the minister who proffered him the honour. That he should in such case have had to oppose the man who gave him his seat in the upper house. The feelings of these two great men were equally honourable; they felt, as men of their minds should feel, above the little paltry calculations of every day life. Pitt through life had but one great object, the greatness and glory of his country; for this he laboured the livelong day: for England he pleaded by the light of the midnight lamp before her assembled commoners: for her he was a martyr. Coke has had a more limited sphere, it is true, but what he had to do he did well. He refused his peerage rather than incur any suspicion of political ingratitude. And principally through his noble exertions, the agriculturists of England have taken a rank among the scientific cultivators of the earth, which they never before attained. Yet, I confess, I would rather witness the representative of the Coke family sitting in the same house, which numbers amongst its members the descendants of so many other great lawyers, and that the Fortescues, Littletons, Somers, Kings, Mansfields, Hardwicks, and a host of other great names, should derive still greater honour by the addition to their number of the descendants of the greatest lawyer which their country ever produced."

There are a slight, but well-written memoirs of various persons connected with the period. Mr. Johnson has neglected nothing that could make his work complete; and it does equal honour to his intelligence and his industry.

#### *Fisher's Drawing-Room Scrap-Book for 1838.*

With poetical illustrations by L. E. L. 4to. pp. 54. London, Fisher and Co.: Germany, Black and Armstrong, and Asher.

THE best criticism on this established favourite with the public will be to quote it; and the following poems will speak for themselves, especially the touching stanzas which illustrate the portrait of Mrs. Hemans:—

"*Felicia Hemans.*"

No more, no more—oh! never more returning,  
Will thy beloved presence gladden earth:  
No more wilt thou, with sad yet anxious yearning,  
Cling to those hopes which have no mortal birth.  
Thou art gone from us, and with thee departed,  
How many lovely things have vanished too:  
Deep thoughts that at thy will to being started,  
And feelings, teaching us our own were true!  
Thou hast been round us, like a vernal spirit,  
Known only by the music on the air;  
The leaf or flowers which thou hast named inherit  
A beauty known but from thy breathing there;  
For thou didst on them fling thy strong emotion,  
The likeness from itself the fond heart gave;  
As planets from afar look down on ocean,  
And give their own sweet image to the wave.  
And thou didst bring from foreign lands their treasures,  
As floats thy various melody along;  
We know the softness of Italian measures,  
And the grave cadence of Castilian song.

A general bond of union is the poet,  
By its immortal verse is language known,  
And for the sake of song do others know it—  
One glorious poet makes the world his own.  
And thou—how far thy gentle sway extended!  
The heart's sweet empire over land and sea!  
Many a stranger and far flower was blended  
In the soft wreath that glory bound for thee.  
The echoes of the Susquehanna's waters  
Paused in the pine-woods words of thine to hear;  
And to the wide Atlantic's younger daughters  
Thy name was lovely, and thy song was dear.  
Was not this purchased all too dearly?—never  
Can fame atone for all that fame hath cost.  
We see the goal, but know not the endeavour,  
Nor what fond hopes have on the way been lost;  
What do we know of the unquiet pillow,  
By the worn cheek and fearful eyelid prest,  
When thoughts chase thoughts, like the tumultuous  
billow,  
Whose very light and foam reveals unrest?  
We say, the song is sorrowful, but know not  
What may have left that sorrow on the song!  
However mournful words may be, they shew not  
The whole extent of wretchedness and wrong.  
They cannot paint the long sad hours, passed only  
In vain regrets o'er what we feel we are.  
Alas! the kingdom of the lute is lonely—  
Cold is the worship coming from afar.  
Yet what is mind in woman, but revealing  
In sweet clear light the hidden world below,  
By quicker fancies and a keener feeling  
Than those around, the cold and careless, know?  
What is to feed such feeling, but to culture  
A soil whence pain will never more depart?  
The fable of Prometheus and the vulture  
Reveals the poet's and the woman's heart.  
Unkindly are they judged—unkindly treated—  
By careless tongues and by ungenerous words:  
While cruel sneer, and hard reproach, repeated,  
Jar the fine music of the spirit's chords.  
Wert thou not weary—thou whose soothing numbers  
Gave other lips the joy thine own had not?  
Didst thou not welcome thankfully the slumbers  
Which closed around thy mourning human lot?  
What, on this earth, could answer thy requiring,  
For earnest faith—for love, the deep and true,  
The beautiful, which was thy soul's desiring,  
But only from thyself its being drew.  
How is the warm and loving heart requited  
In this harsh world, where it awhile must dwell?  
Its best affections wronged, betrayed, and slighted—  
Such is the doom of those who love too well.  
Better the weary dove should close its pinion,  
Fold up its golden wings and be at peace.  
Enter, O lady, that serene dominion,  
Where earthly cares and earthly sorrows cease.  
Fame's troubled hour has cleared, and now replying,  
A thousand hearts their music ask of thine.  
Sleep with a light the lovely and undying  
Around thy grave—a grave which is a shrine."

"*The Tombs of the Kings of Golconda.*"

Morning is round the shining palace,  
Mirrored on the tide,  
Where the lily lifts her challenge.  
With its gold inside,  
Like an offering from the waves.  
Early awakened from their slumbers,  
Stand the glittering ranks:  
Who is there shall count the numbers  
On the river's banks?  
Forth the household pours the slaves  
Of the kings of fair Golconda,  
Of Golconda's ancient kings.  
Wherefore to the crimson morning  
Are the banners spread,  
Daybreak's early colours scorned  
With a livelier red?  
Pearls are wrought on each silk fold.  
Summer flowers are flung to wither  
On the common way.  
Is some royal bride brought hither  
With this festival array,  
To the city's mountain-hold  
Of the kings of old Golconda,  
Of Golconda's ancient kings.  
From the gates the slow procession,  
Troops and nobles come.  
This hour takes the king possession  
Of an ancient home—  
One he never leaves again.  
Musk, and sandal-wood, and amber,  
Flung around their breath:  
They will fill the murky chamber  
Where the bride is death.  
Where the warm hath sole domain  
O'er the kings of old Golconda,  
O'er Golconda's ancient kings.  
Now the monarch must surrender  
All his golden state,  
Yet the mockeries of splendour  
On the pageant wait.  
That attends him to the tomb.  
Music on the air is swelling,  
'Tis the funeral song,  
As to his ancestral dwelling,  
Is he borne along.

They must share life's common doom,  
The kings of fair Golconda,  
Golconda's ancient kings.

What are now the chiefs that gather?  
What their diamond mines?  
What the heron's snowy feather  
On their crest their shining?

What their valleys of the rose?

For another is their glory,  
And their state, and gold;  
They are a forgotten story,  
Faint and feebly told—

Breaking not the still repose  
Of the kings of fair Golconda,  
Of Golconda's ancient kings.

Glorious is their place of sleeping,  
Gold with azure wrought,  
And embroidered silk is sweeping,  
Silk from Persia brought,

Round the carved marble walls.

Not the less the night-owl's pinion  
Sirs the dusky air;

Not the less is the dominion  
Of the earth-worm there.

Not less deep the shadow falls  
O'er the kings of fair Golconda,  
O'er Golconda's ancient kings.

Not on such vain aids relying,  
(Can the human mind)

Triumph o'er the dead and dying;  
It must know its part

In the glorious hopes that wait

The bright openings of the portal,  
Far beyond the sky—  
Faith, whose promise is immortal,  
Life, that cannot die.

These, and stronger than the state  
Of the kings of fair Golconda,  
Of Golconda's ancient kings."

#### The Pirate.

"Down, 'mid the waves, accursed bark,  
Down, down before the wind;  
Thou canst not sink to doom more dark  
Than that thou leav'st behind.

Down, down for his accursed sake  
Whose hand is on thy helm.  
Above the heaving billows break—  
Will they not overwhelm?

The blood is red upon the deck,  
Of murder, not of strife;  
Now, Ocean, let the hour of wreck  
Atone for that of life!

Many a brave heart has grown cold,  
Though battle has been done;  
And shrieks have risen from the hold,  
When human help was none.

We've sailed amid the Spanish lines,  
The black flag at the mast,  
And burning towns and rifled shrines  
Proclaimed where we had passed.

The captive's low and latest cry  
Has risen on the night,  
While night-carousals mocked the sky  
With their unholy light.

The captain he is young and fair—  
How can he look so young?  
His locks of youth, his golden hair,  
Are o'er his shoulders flung.

Of all the deeds that he has done,  
Not one has left a trace:  
The midnight cup, the nocturnal sun,  
Have darkened not his face.

His voice is low—his smile is sweet—  
He has a girl's blue eyes;  
And yet I would far rather meet  
The storm in yonder skies.

The fiercest of our pirate band  
Holds at his name the breath;  
For there is blood on his right hand,  
And in his heart is death.

He knows he rides above his grave,  
Yet careless is his eye;  
He looks with scorn upon the wave,  
With scorn upon the sky.

Great God! the sights that I have seen,  
When far upon the main!  
I'd rather that my death had been  
Than see those sights again.

Pale faces glimmer, and are gone,  
Wild voices rise from shore;  
I see one giant wave sweep on—  
It breaks!—we rise no more."

The binding is very pretty this year—dark green embossed with gold; indeed, the whole volume is got up with exquisite taste.

Goethe's *Correspondence with a Child*. 2 vols. Longman and Co. 1837.

THIS is one of those singular productions which never could have been produced in any

country but Germany; and it is one of which an English reader will have great difficulty in forming a judgment. There is a simplicity foreign to our manners—a sentimentality, which only appears to us ridiculous—and we have no sympathy with the unquestioning admiration which made Goethe an object of almost religious veneration with the German people: a child of some thirteen or fourteen years of age forming, on hearsay, a romantic passion for a gray-haired poet of some sixty or seventy, and carrying on a correspondence, exaggerated and wild to a degree, is an exotic that would find no growth on our quiet and cold soil; and we must frankly confess, we see no reason to wish that it should. There is a great deal in these letters open to ridicule; and yet ridicule is not a test to which we feel the least inclined to submit them. Still less are we inclined to judge them more harshly. Bettine is obviously a clever and enthusiastic child, whose imagination has been excited by long conversations with Goethe's mother, who made, completely, an idol of her son. Goethe, himself, takes the matter quite enough: the young German girl's romantic passion is merely one of many shapes taken by the admiration of his followers—he is neither flattered nor touched; but the trying love of the young and eager heart, full of follies, fancies, and excitement, is rather a curious and amusing study. The following passages will give some slight idea of the spirit of these letters.

*Original Simile of a Lover.*—"In the night, he is the blanket in which I wrap myself."

*Metaphysics.*—"Talent strikes conviction, but genius does not convince: to whom it is imparted, it gives forebodings of the immeasurable and infinite; while talent sets certain limits, and so, because it is understood, is also maintained. The infinite in the finite; genius in every art is music. In itself it is the soul, when it touches tenderly; but when it masters this affection, then it is spirit which warms, nourishes, bears, and reproduces the own soul—and, therefore, we perceive music; otherwise, the sensual ear would not hear it, but only the spiritual: and thus, every art is the body of music, which is the soul of every art. And so is music, too, the soul of love, which also answers not for its working; for it is the contact of divine with human, and, once for all, the divine is the passion which consumes the human. Love expresses nothing through itself, but that it is sunk in harmony."

*Another curious Simile.*—"I write to you in crystal midnight; black basaltic country, dipped in moonlight! The town forms a complete cat's back, with its ducking houses, and is quite furrowed with bristling points of rock and mountain ruins; and there, opposite, it shines and flickers in the shade, as when one rubs the cat's back."

*Sketch of Jacobi.*—"Jacobi is tender as a Psyche waked too early: touching! were it possible, one might learn something of him, but impossibility is a peculiar demon, which, cunningly, knows how to baffle all to which one feels oneself entitled: thus I always think when I see Jacobi surrounded by literati and philosophers, it would be better for him to be alone with me. I am persuaded my unaffected questions, in order to learn of him, would cause more life-warmth within him, than all those who conceive it necessary to be something in his presence. Communication is his highest enjoyment: he appeals in all to his springtime; each full-blown rose reminds him forcibly of those which once bloomed for his enjoyment; as he softly wanders through the groves, he

relates how once friends twined their arms in his amid delightful converse, which lasted till late in the warm summer night. And he still remembers something of each tree of Pempelfort; of the arbour by the water, upon which the swans circled; on which side the moon broke through upon the neat flints; where the wagtails strutted; all this comes forth from him, like the tone of a solitary flute; it shews that the spirit still abides here, but in its peaceful melodies the yearning after the infinite is expressed. His remarkably noble figure is fragile; it is as if the case could easily be destroyed, to set the spirit at liberty."

The account of Beethoven, and his own conversation, are written in the full sweep of German idealism:—

"To you I may confess, that I believe in a divine magic, which is the element of mental nature. This magic does Beethoven exercise in his art; all relating to it, which he can teach you, is pure magic; each combination is the organisation of a higher existence, and thus, too, does Beethoven feel himself to be the founder of a new sensual basis in spiritual life. You will understand what I mean to say by this, and what is true. Who could replace this spirit? From whom could we expect an equivalent? The whole business of mankind passes to and fro before him like clock-work. He alone produces freely from out himself the unforeseen, the uncreated. What intercourse with the world to him, who, ere the sun rise, is already at his sacred work; and who, after sunset, scarcely looks around him; who forgets to nourish his body, and is borne in his flight on the stream of inspiration, far beyond the shores of flat, every day life? He says, himself, 'when I open my eyes, I cannot but sigh, for what I see is against my religion, and I am compelled to despise the world, which has no presentiment that music is a higher revelation than all their wisdom and philosophy: music is the wine, which inspires new creations, and I am the Bacchus, who presses out this noble wine for mankind, and makes them spirit-drunk; and, then, when they are sober again,—what have they not fished up to bring with them to dry land? I have no friend: I must live with myself alone; but I well know that God is nearer to me in my art than to others; I commune with Him without dread; I have ever acknowledged and understood him. Neither have I any fear for my music; it can meet no evil fate: he to whom it makes itself intelligible, must become freed from all the wretchedness which others drag about with them.'

"I found him upon the third floor; unannounced, I entered. He was seated at the piano. I mentioned my name; he was very friendly, and asked if I would hear a song that he had just composed? Then he sung, shrill and piercing, so that the plainiveness reacted upon the hearer, 'Know'st thou the Land.' 'It's beautiful, is it not,' said he, inspired, 'most beautiful! I will sing it again.' He was delighted at my cheerful praise. 'Most men,' said he, 'are touched by something good, but they are no *artist-natures*: artists are ardent, they do not weep.' Then he sung another of your songs, to which he had, a few days ago, composed music, 'Dry not the tears of eternal love.' He accompanied me home, and it was upon the way that he said so many beautiful things upon art. Withal, he spoke so loud, stood still so often upon the street, that some courage was necessary to listen: he spoke passionately, and much too startlingly, for me not also to forget that we were in the street. They



were much surprised to see me enter with him in a large company assembled to dine with us. After dinner, he placed himself, unasked, at the instrument, and played long and wonderfully: his pride and genius were both in ferment. Under such excitement his spirit creates the inconceivable, and his fingers perform the impossible.

"Yesterday, I walked with him in a splendid garden, in full blossom, all the hot-houses open: the scent was overpowering. Beethoven stood still in the burning sun, and said, 'Goethe's poems maintain a powerful sway over me, not only by their matter, but also their rhythm; I am disposed and excited to compose by this language, which ever forms itself, as through spirits to more exalted order, already carrying within itself the mystery of harmonies. Then, from the focus of inspiration, I feel myself compelled to let the melody stream forth on all sides—I follow it—passionately overtake it again—I see it escape me—vanish amidst the crowd of varied excitements—soon I seize upon it again with renewed passion; I cannot part from it,—with quick rapture I multiply it in every form of modulation, and, at the last moment, I triumph over the first musical thought,—see now—that's a symphony;—yes, music is indeed the mediator between the spiritual and sensual life. I should like to speak with Goethe upon this, if he would understand me. Melody is the sensual life of poetry. Do not the spiritual contents of a poem become sensual feeling through melody? do we not, in Mignon's song, perceive its entire sensual frame of mind through melody? and does not this perception excite again to new productions?—There, the spirit extends itself to unbounded universality, where all in all forms itself into a bed for the stream of feelings, which take their rise in the simple musical thought, and which else would die unperceived away: this is harmony—this is expressed in my symphonies; the blending of various forms rolls on, as in a bed, to its goal. Then one feels, that an eternal, an infinite, never quite to be embraced, lies in all that is spiritual; and although, in my works, I have always a feeling of success, yet I have an eternal hunger,—that what seemed exhausted with the last stroke of the drum, with which I drive my enjoyment, my musical convictions into the hearers,—to begin again like a child. \* \* \*

"We do not know what grants us knowledge; the firmly enclosed seed needs the moist, warm, electric soil to grow, think, express itself. Music is the electric soil in which the spirit lives, thinks, invents. Philosophy is the precipitation of its electric spirit, and its necessity, which will ground every thing upon a first principle, is supplied by music; and, although the spirit be not master of that which it creates through music, yet is it blessed in this creation: in this manner, too, is every creation of art, independent, mightier than the artist himself, and returns, by its appearance, back to the divine, and is only connected with men in so much as it bears witness to the divine mediation in him. Music gives to the spirit relation to harmony. A thought abstracted, has still the feeling of communion, of affinity in the spirit: thus each thought in music is in the most intimate, inseparable affinity with the communion of harmony, which is unity."

The reminiscences of Goethe's childhood are curious.

"He did not like playing with little children, unless they were very pretty. Once he began suddenly to cry and shriek, 'the black child shall get out, I can't bear it; neither did he cease crying till he got home, when his mother

asked him how he could be so naughty; he could not console himself for the child's ugliness. He was then three years old. \* \* \*

"For his little sister Cornelia, while she was yet in the cradle, he had the strongest affection; he brought her every thing, and wanted to feed and nurse her alone, and was jealous when any one took her out of the cradle, in which he was her ruler: his anger then knew no bounds; and, indeed, he was much easier brought to anger than to tears."

It is curious, too, to note how much, to use a familiar phrase, he was made of from the very beginning. Witness two slight anecdotes told by his mother of his youth:—

*The Pebbles.*—"In his dress he was most terribly particular. I was obliged to arrange three suits daily for him; upon one chair I hung a great-coat, long trousers, ordinary waistcoat, and added a pair of boots; upon a second, a dress-coat, silk stockings which he had already worn, shoes, &c. &c.; upon the third was every thing of the finest, together with sword and hair-bag: the first he wore in the house; the second, when visiting his common acquaintances; the third, as full dress. When I entered the next day, I had everything to bring to order: there stood the boots upon his fine ruffs and collars, the shoes thrown east and west, one thing lay here, the other there: then I shook the dust out of his clothes, placed clean linen for him, brought everything again into the right track. Shaking a waistcoat once at the open window rather strongly, a quantity of pebbles suddenly flew into my face: upon this I began to curse; he came up, and I scolded him, for the pebbles might have struck out my eye. 'Well,' said he, 'but your eye is not out; where are the pebbles? I must have them again, help me to look for them;—now he must have received them from his sweet-heart, for he took so much trouble about the stones, which were common flint and sand; he was so vexed, that he could not collect them any more; all that was still there, he wrapped up carefully in paper and carried away. The day before he had been at Offenbach—there was an inn called the Rose Inn, the daughter was called the pretty Grizzel; he liked her very much, she was the first that I know with whom he was in love."

*The Cloak.*—"On a bright winter's day, when your mother had company, you proposed to her a drive with the strangers along the Maine. 'She has not yet seen me skate, and the weather is so fine, &c.' 'I put on my scarlet fur-cloak, to which was a long train, and down the front fastened with gold clasps, and so we drove out. My son was shooting like an arrow between the other skaters, the air had made his cheeks red, and the powder had flown out of his brown hair: as soon as he saw the scarlet cloak, he came up to the coach and smiled quite kindly at me. 'Now, what do you want?' said I. 'Come, mother, you are not cold in the carriage, give me your velvet cloak.' 'Why, you won't put it on?' 'But I will though.' I pulled off my beautiful warm cloak, he put it on, swung the train over his arm, and away he sailed like the son of a divinity along the ice;—had you but seen him, Bettine! Anything so beautiful is not to be seen again: I clapped my hands with joy! I always have him before my eyes, how he glided out of one arch and under the other, and how the wind upheld the long train behind him."

This work has been published that its profits may go towards forming a monument for Goethe; and both translation and printing have been done in Germany. There are etch-

ings of Goethe and his mother, together with a view of the room where he wrote Werter. We doubt its ever obtaining wide circulation among ourselves; still it is worth the reading, as a wild, original, and very nationally characteristic work.

*Friendship's Offering, and Winter's Wreath: a Christmas and New Year's Present for 1838.* 18mo. pp. 324. London, Smith, Elder, and Co.

THERE is nothing very striking in the volume before us; it is graceful and level. The two best stories are by ladies—"Charlotte de Montmorenci," by Miss Strickland, and "The Blacksmith of Liege," by Miss Roberts: both are interesting and lively historical pictures. What does the editor mean by his having the good fortune to bring forward Mr. Cornelius Webbe in the character of a poet? Mr. Webbe has already published a slight volume of poems, many of which are established favourites. "The Dying Poet to his Sister" was among them; full of pathos and tenderness. We select "The Desolate Hall," by Thomas Miller, the basket-maker, for quotation.

"A lonely hall upon a lonelier moor,—  
For many a mile no other dwelling near;  
Northward an ancient wood, whose tall trees roar,  
When the loud winds their huge broad branches tear.  
A large old hall—a servant deaf and gray,  
On me in silence waits, throughout the dreary day.  
Before my threshold waves the long white grass,  
That like a living desolation stands,  
Nodding its withered head where'er I pass,  
The last sad heir of these broad barren lands,—  
The last within the old vault to repose;  
Then its dark marble door upon our race will close.  
The whining wind sweeps o'er the matted floors,  
And makes a weary noise, a wailing moan;  
I hear all night the clap of broken doors,  
That on their rusty hinges grate and groan;  
And then loud voices seem to call behind,  
The worn and worn waistcoat flapping in the wind.  
Along the roof the dark moss thickly spreads,  
A dampness o'er the oaken rafters throwing;  
A chilly moisture settles on the beds,  
Where lichens mid decay are slowling growing,  
Covering the curtains, and the damask eyes  
Of angels, there enwrought in rainbow-fading dyes.  
The toothless mastiff-bitch howls all night long,  
And in her kennel sleepeth all the day;  
I heard the old man say, 'There's something wrong,  
She was not wont to yell, and howl that way,—  
There's something wrong. Oh! ill, and woe betide  
The leech's hand by which my Lady Ellen died!  
Sometimes I hear—or fancy—o'er my head  
A trampling noise—like that of human feet  
In hollow high-heeled shoes they seem to tread,  
And to the sound of solemn music beat:  
Then with a crash the window-shutters close,  
Shaking the crazy walls, and breaking my repose.  
The silver-moth within the wardrobe feeds;  
The untuned keys are rusted in the locks;  
Upon my hearth the brown mouse safely breeds;  
By the old fountain fearless sleeps the fox;  
The white owl in my chamber dreams all day,  
For there is no one care to frighten him away.  
The high-piled books with cobwebs are o'ergrown,  
Their gaudy bindings now look dull and dead;  
Last night the mussy Bible tumbled down,  
And it laid open where my Ellen read.  
The night she died: I knew the place again,  
For she shed many a tear, and each had left its stain.  
Oh! how I shun the room in which she died,  
The books, the flowers, the harp she well could sound;  
The flowers are dead, the books are thrown aside,  
The harp is mute, and dust has gathered round  
Her lovely drawings—covering o'er the chair  
Where she so oft has sat, to braid her long brown hair.  
What hollow gusts through broken casements stream,  
How the ancient portraits on the wall!  
I see them stirring by the moon's pale beam,  
Their floating costumes seem to rise and fall;  
And as I come or go, move where I will,  
Their dull white deadly eyes, turning, pursue me still.  
And when a dreamy slumber o'er me creeps,  
The old house-clock rings out its measured sound,  
I hear a warning in the march it keeps:  
Amid the rusty vane turns round and round:  
These are sad tones, for desolation calls,  
And rain loudly roars around my father's halls.  
The fish-ponds now are mantled o'er with green,  
The rooks have left their old ancestral trees;  
Their silent nests are all that now is seen;  
No oxen low along the winding leas."

No steed neighs out, no flocks bleat from the fold;  
Upland, and hill, and vale, are empty, brown, and cold.  
And dance, and song, within these walls have sounded,  
And breathing music rolled in dulcet strains;  
And lovely feet have o'er these gray stones bounded,  
In snowy kirtles and embroidered trains:  
Such things have been, and now are gliding past,  
And then our race is done—I live, and die,—the last!"

And the "Forsaken Friend," by Miss Stickney:—

"At early morn these fragile flowers were blowing,  
All sweet and fair;  
On the wild breeze their odorous burden throwing,  
Scenting the air.  
At early morn with buoyant step I sought thee,  
Friend of my youth!  
A blooming garland from the fields I brought thee,  
With my soul's truth.  
I knew not then thy fickle heart was altered,  
Nor read thine eye;  
I thought the welcome of thy sweet voice faltered,  
But asked not why.  
And now I keep these fair but slighted flowers,  
Unfaded yet;  
Have they not taught me, in a few short hours,  
How to forget?  
There wanted but one fatal word to sever  
Our hearts in twain;  
That word thy lips had spoken, and we never  
Can trust again.  
Thou wilt go forth on summer's fragrant morning,  
Once more to see  
Her radiant smile the purple hills adorning,  
But not with me.  
I shall be where no household memories waken  
Thoughts of the past;  
I shall forget. The lonely and forsaken  
Forget at last.  
I shall forget thee; many a deeper sorrow  
Has been forgot;  
But yet I dare not look into the morrow  
Where thou art not.  
I dare not think how oft my fond heart's yearning  
Will wake again;  
How I shall watch to see thy smile returning,  
And watch in vain;  
For thou couldst teach what nothing else had taught me  
From early youth:  
Not all the wisdom of the world had brought me  
So deep a truth:—  
That human love, however pure its fountain,  
May waste away,  
Like the fresh dew upon the verdant mountain,  
At dawn of day:—  
That this fair earth, with all its gorgeous beauty,  
Its fruits and flowers,  
Forms not the scope of human love or duty,  
Though once of ours."

We regret that we have not space for either of the spirited stories contributed by "the Old Sailor."

*Wanderings and Excursions in South Wales; including the Scenery of the River Wye.* By Thomas Roscoe, Esq. 8vo. pp. 268. London, 1837. Tilt.

THIS picturesque and beautiful publication has been repeatedly noticed by us in the course of its progress. It is now completed; forms a remarkably handsome volume; illustrated by forty-eight admirable engravings by Radclyffe, from drawings by Cox, Harding, Fielding, Creswick, Watson, &c.; and is an appropriate companion to the similar work on North Wales, by the same author. We have heretofore made several quotations from the text: the following description of a land-storm will afford an additional proof of Mr. Roscoe's descriptive powers:—"Craig-y-Dinas rises at a short distance from Pont Neath Vaughan to the north-eastward; and is a bold precipitous limestone rock of great elevation, backed by the still higher land of Cilheste-cerrig. From the summit of this lofty crag I enjoyed a splendid prospect, looking down the lovely vale of Neath; comprehending, in the nearer view to the right and left, the wooded mountain hollows of Cwm Melte and Cwm Carnag, sleeping in their solitary rock-enclosed retreats. Immediately below me flowed the small streamlet of the Sychrhid, or

dry ford, as it is sometimes termed, which, for a short space, divides the counties of Brecknock and Glamorgan, and hurries by the foot of Craig-y-Dinas to join the Melte. Eventide was now slowly approaching, and the distant prospects had already become dim and obscure, when I retraced my steps towards Pont Neath Vaughan. I lingered not to catch the little vignettes of natural beauty which every outlet offered to my sight; for the shadowy clouds, which had been chasing each other with rapid motion through the day, were gathering into broader masses. One cloud, of a more ominous character than the rest, had for some time hung its dark shroud in the north-east, on the top of the lofty Cefn Cadlan. The wind sighed long and heavily through the mountain chasm, or swept in fitful gusts along the high ridges and openings. Before I reached my home at the little inn, however, it had dropped into a treacherous calm. I was almost repining at the unnecessary haste with which I had quitted my prospect-ground on the hill, and abruptly interrupted that calm train of thought which takes possession of the mind as the fading landscape becomes less and less, when I was startled by the flickering, restless motion of the leaves, which indicated that secret agitation of the air that almost always precedes a storm. The dark cloud of the Cefn Cadlan, which had been for some time stationary, appeared to be disrupted from its pinnacle, and rolling its surcharged body rapidly towards the village. I had scarcely entered, and bespoke the attentions of mine host to supply the wants which my long walk had created, when the elemental strife began:—the thunder, which had sounded at a distance, approached fearfully near—it no longer maintained that majestic roll which fills the mind with awe and reverence, but burst with a crackling explosion, that, by its proximity, inspired terror and alarm. The forked lightnings quivered in the welkin with awful velocity, and in almost unremitting succession, and seemed to light up all Nature with an unearthly and spectral glow by its 'sulphurous and thought-executing fires.' The wind, which at the commencement of the storm had been uncertain and gusty, now increased to a wild hurricane; and the rain, which had only before fallen in large single drops, soon descended in torrents.

"Since I was man,  
Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,  
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never  
Remember to have heard."

It was some time before the storm abated, and then only gradually; at length, the wind, which before had swept along with such reckless fury, sighed itself, like a fretful and worn-out child, to rest. The thunder, 'Heaven's artillery,' ceased to roar, and was only heard reverberating amongst the hills, awakening their distant echoes. The lightning, no longer darting, with a scorpion tongue, through the wide air, gently played, as if in sport, over the loftiest pinnacles of Bryndu, or along the enormous ridge of Y Fan Dringarth: the huge drops of torrent-rain, that had been falling like a deluge, subsided into a gentle refreshing shower. The tempest had continued so long, that it was near midnight ere I retired to rest: I threw open the casement of my window to enjoy for a moment the calm, clear scene, that had succeeded to the tumultuous storm. The stars shone with a brightness and intensity which is only to be observed in these altitudes; the clouds lay in fleecy brightness, 'like a flock at rest,' or, if they gently moved, and obscured for a while the moon's quiet saintly face, it

was only to part again before her renewed splendours,

'As though a sil'ry veil were rent  
From the jewell'd brow of a queen.'

A gentle, settled, and holy stillness seemed to rest on all the face of Nature; and I closed my window, to seek, with a deeply touched heart, the tranquil slumbers of my humble pallet."

## MISCELLANEOUS.

*The Christian Keepsake, and Missionary Annual, for 1838.* Edited by the Rev. William Ellis. 8vo. pp. 206. London, Paris, and New York, Fisher and Co.

THIS elegant volume continues to be well adapted to the class of readers to whom it is addressed. What we like least is the memoir of Mrs. Fletcher; it is rapid, without the true comprehension of the character it delineates: still we cordially agree with the praise. There is some graceful poetry; among which we must particularise that of James Montgomery.

*Fisher's Juvenile Scrap-Book, 1838.* By Agnes Strickland and Bernard Barton. 8vo. pp. 86. London, Paris, and New York, Fisher and Co.

THIS is the prettiest annual for the use of young people that we have seen; and the literary contents are of an unusually high character. "The Captive Princess" is a charming poem.

*The English Annual, for 1838.* 8vo. pp. 360. London, Churton.

THIS is only a reprint of the "Court Magazine;" and, excepting a very handsome binding, has nothing that calls for notice.

*Naturalist's Library. Vol. VIII.* Conducted by Sir W. Jardine. Ornithology: Birds of Western Africa. By W. Swainson. Edinburgh, 1837. W. Lizars.

ANOTHER beautiful volume of a beautiful series. The engravings are quite splendid; such birds more than realise Moore's description of the bright wings that

"Fluttered round the sunny stems  
Like winged flowers, and flying gems."

Mr. Swainson has added all that scientific research could give of information, and a well-written memoir of La Vaillant.

*The Life and Reign of William IV.* By the Rev. G. N. Wright, M.A. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1837. Fisher and Co.

A VERY opportune and useful performance; collecting all the important events of the late reign, and enlivening them with a great collection of anecdote. The present work is one required at the moment, and yet valuable hereafter as embodying that immediate detail which would otherwise be lost, and which is so valuable to the future historian. Mr. Wright is very loyal, and a little grandiloquent; but we give him credit for not omitting any thing that would bear upon his subject. One very attractive feature in these volumes, is the numerous likenesses with which they are embellished; they contain a complete portrait-gallery of the royal and distinguished personages of our time, also a very graceful engraving of the Queen Victoria. The work is elegantly got up, and does credit to the taste and activity of its publishers.

*Kirkstead; or, the Pleasures of Shooting: a Poem.* Pp. 56. (London, Painter.)—We have not examined far into the merits of this little book, as it is intended for a charitable purpose, and disarms criticism. It is dedicated "to the Ladies patronesses of the Fancy Fair, to be held in aid of the Lincoln County Hospital," at which it is to be sold, and the profits arising from its sale are to be devoted to the funds of the above-named charity.

*Memorietta Italiana a l'usage des Jeunes Demeielleres*, par Madeline A. Casella. (Londres, Souter).—A neat and useful selection of dialogue well calculated to be useful to the young Italian scholar.

*A Letter to the Right Hon. T. S. Rice, &c. containing a New Principle of Currency and Plan for a National System of Banking*, by a Liverpool Merchant. Pp. 29. (London, Wilson).—The writer, Mr. John Hall, takes a clear and able view of what he deems the great errors in the Bank of England; those of considering the deposits as if they were bank notes and in circulation; and the principle of diminishing notes in equal, instead of relative proportion to the diminution of bullion, after the standard of full currency is departed from. Upon these and other very important points, his remarks are extremely interesting; and, together with the system by which he proposes to remedy the evils demonstrated, and such fatal attacks as lately fell upon our commercial credit in consequence of the operations of the Bank to bring back some of its bullion, embrace matters of vital consequence to the country, its trade, and manufactures.

*A Traveller's Thoughts*, 2d edition. 12mo. pp. 100. (London, Longman and Co.).—One of the many descriptive poems to which "Childe Harold" has given birth; the versification is smooth and flowing.

*The Tour of Sir Godfrey Doodle Do*, by an Oxford Man. 8vo. (London, Hurst and Co.).—Printing and publishing are wonderful things, but their greatest wonder is, how they could ever have been bestowed on such utter trash.

*Stilling's Tales*. Translated from the German by S. Jackson. 12mo. pp. 194. (London, Hamilton, Adams, and Co.).—Simple and interesting stories, but not translated with much judgment: a little omission would have made them more suitable to the class of juvenile readers for whom they are intended.

*Bethlehem, a Poem*, by W. Bennett. 2d edition. 8vo. pp. 47. (London, Rivington).—Some graceful versification, and an elevated tone of piety, will recommend this volume to the religious public.

*Cleopatra, a Tragedy*, 12mo. pp. 149. (London, Henshaw).—It ought rather to be called a farce.

*Boileau's Linguist: a complete Course of Instruction in the German Language*. (London, Wacey).—This is an excellent work, and we most cordially commend it to the student of that important language, German.

*Questions on the History of Europe: a Sequel to Miss Mangnall's History of Europe*, by Julia Corner. 12mo. pp. 404. (London, Longman and Co.).—The value of Miss Mangnall's elementary works is universally acknowledged, and we cannot give the present neat and useful volume higher praise, than to say, that Miss Corner is a worthy successor. An immense quantity of information is condensed in these pages.

*Kingley Vale and other Poems*, by C. Crocker. 12mo. pp. 68. (Chichester, Mason).—A love for the beauties of nature is shewn in this slight volume; and criticism would be an unnecessary harshness after so modest and deprecating a preface.

*The Two Brothers*, 12mo. pp. 99. (London, Groombridge; Edinburgh, Sutherland's; Dublin, Robertson and Co.).—A well-meant fiction, but deficient in narrative talent.

*Sketches of English History*, by G. M. Gilbert. (London, Darton and Clark).—We do not see the advantage of crowding children's memory with names and dates; now, this little volume does nothing more. The estimates of character too, are singularly mistaken: what does the writer mean by calling Elizabeth "amiable"? It is about the last qualification that would have been assigned to "the lion-hearted princess."

*A few Arguments against Phrenology*, by A. R. Smith. 12mo. pp. 26. (Chertsey, Wotton).—"Who shall decide when doctors disagree?" We certainly will not attempt it; and shall only say, that the present writer is very much in earnest.

*Lectures on Zoology*, by John Barlow Burton. 8vo. pp. 48. (London, Simpkin and Marshall).—A great deal of information very pleasantly conveyed. The contents of this prettily illustrated volume will give interest to many a summer walk; and the lovers of this interesting science owe much to Mr. Burton's intelligent and agreeable lectures.

*The Prayer of a Seditious for her Most Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria*, by L. H. R. Contier, author of "Hours of Reverie." Pp. 26. (London, Whittaker).—A graceful production, written with much sweetness and truth; and interesting, as the expression of general feeling, to its illustrious object.

*God of Honor and Virgil; or, Mythology for Children*. Pp. 210. (London, Thomas; Simpkin and Marshall).—A beautiful little volume, well adapted to its purpose, and giving the youthful reader an excellent introduction to "the thron'd divinities of old Olympus."

*The New Excitement*, 8vo. pp. 394. (Edinburgh, Innes; London, Hamilton, Adams, and Co.).—A pleasant selection of miscellaneous reading. It is neatly got up, and likely to give the juvenile public, for whose use it is especially compiled, many an agreeable hour. The *New Excitement* proceeds on the old principle, that "much would have been made of the taste for reading once given, the most important step in education has been obtained."

*Letters to Brother John on Life, Health, and Disease*, by Edward Johnson, Surgeon. 8vo. pp. 312. (London, Saunders and Ooley).—There is not only medical knowledge, but a great deal of plain and excellent sense, in these pages. To read one of these letters every morning would be a good way of beginning the day. Half our illnesses originate in bad habits and indulgence. Want of knowledge is the source of half the evils that vex humanity; and, in this work, much plain and practical in-

formation is communicated; and in a manner to make it available to the general reader. Mr. Johnson is, as his work plainly shews, a straightforward and clever practitioner. We have great faith in him.

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

### EUPHRATES EXPEDITION.

Copy of Instructions to Colonel Chesney, &c.  
[Second notice.]

The history of this interesting and truly national expedition, as detailed in our last, affords much matter for reflection. With all the feeling that was individually shewn for the sufferings and misfortunes of those engaged in it, there was an apathy and an indifference towards the success of the objects of the enterprise, that is quite inconceivable, and certainly unprecedented. In vain do we look over the correspondence now before us, for a single word of encouragement—a sympathy, not for misfortune, but for hope and success; it is not to be met with. Lord Ellenborough writes, "get down to Basra and we have done with you." And Sir John Hobbhouse seems always to have considered the expedition as a most unpopular one,—one for which, notwithstanding the unforeseen events which had led to an expenditure exceeding the original grant, nothing could be said in favour, or in support of, before a certainly not hostile house. It did, however, meet with some encouragement; a further grant was made; and after being ordered to terminate on the 31st of July, 1836, the breaking up was postponed until January 31st, 1837; a term which, notwithstanding the real and unaffected interest of his late majesty, and the friendly expressions of the present President of the Board of Control, was closely adhered to; and at the appointed period, the expedition was broken up, without any reference to the then existing condition of the steamer, the efficacy of the crew, the state of the water, the torpor or activity of the parties engaged, or even the giving to the commander the chance of redeeming his misfortunes by an ultimate success.

Whether these adverse circumstances under which the expedition laboured from the outset, were attributable to the public feeling not being sufficiently roused in its favour, or to the lack of support on the part of government, combined with the partial failure of the expedition, is a questionable matter. We do not think that the means for publicity, which would have done bare justice to the expedition, were duly taken advantage of. We do not allude to the mere blast of an anticipatory trumpet to awaken the public mind to scenes of oriental enterprise and discoveries in relief: we mean that when the expedition was labouring daily and hourly, one party toiling at the transport of boilers and sections of steamers—officers with jack-screws in their unaccustomed hands—engineers with pickaxes, hewing a new road to Antioch—and seamen spurred and booted, impelling Taurian mules to their duty; while others were ascending mountains, exploring antique sites, and mapping the countries around—that some idea of these labours, such, for example, as is contained in the general statement appended to the present report, should have been from time to time laid before the public; and it is impossible, we aver, that any well-informed person could have regretted the mite that it would have cost, to have continued and to have completed a work which cannot but redound so much to the credit of the country, by the additions which it brings to geographical, to natural, and to historical science.

It is needless to connect ministers or parties with the cause of failure: one great and solid advantage which the expedition ever enjoyed

was, that it had no politics nor clique. Its objects were the opening of a new route—labour, enterprise, and science; its materials were most varied, and partly feeling unknown from the commencement to the termination.\* Ministers are influenced by the feeling of the majority in the House of Commons; and that majority is to be gained, like a preponderating feeling in the country at large, by an early dissemination of accurate information, as to what is being accomplished, and how far an expedition is worthy of the confidence reposed in its commanders. But no such steps were taken: it is only now that the thing has been brought to a close, that we are made aware of the vast mass of matter which has been accumulated, of the opening that is offered by these countries to commerce, of the friendly disposition of the often calumniated Arabs; and we live to regret that, if the line was to be abandoned ultimately, the whole of the antique geography of these interesting countries was not completed. Has Susa, where Daniel lies entombed, where Alexander held his last festivities, by which flows

"Chaspe's amber stream,  
The drink of none but kings,"

no interest but to the learned? Yet its position, and that of the Ulai of Scriptures, is scarcely determined. Where is Terodon, Nebuchadnezzar's colony, when the Chaldeans "took pride in their ships," trading from the Persian Gulf to Phenicia? where the giant Pallacopas, to which Alexander dug a channel, and which, with the Nahr Malka, the royal river, bearing ships in the days of Herodotus, drained the Euphrates of its superabundant flood? And when imagination turns to the vast plains contiguous to these canals, with what interest does it ask for information on those colossal mounds which rise out of the level, or tower above the horizon:

"Chaldean beacons, over the dreaf sand  
Seen faintly, from thick-towered Babylon,  
Against the sunset."

The very marshes, Arrian tells us, where the Macedonian hero was led astray, were dotted with monumental remains; and where, in the present day, is Erech or Accad? where Borsippa, "the city of manufactures"? Opis, that succeeded to Babylon? Charax, once but a mile from the sea? Are they marked by the same bold monuments of a laborious and an aspiring people, or are they level with the dust? What line did that earliest of enterprising navigators, Nearchus, follow? Where the Susian, and where the Chaldean lakes? And what has been the rate of advance of the alluviums upon the sea?

The banks of the river Euphrates, and those of the Tigris, teem with objects of the deepest interest to the naturalist or the antiquarian. Alexander, Trajan, and Julian have stood by the fountain of Hit, whose inexhaustible supplies of bitumen cemented the walls of the "mother of cities." The tasteful Zenobia has left a record of her magnificence in the marble walls and houses of Zelebi. Haroun al Raschid's palace stoops low at Racca. The temple of Atergatis, plundered by Crassus, still stands, like an antique Egyptian monument in Hierapolis—the Magog of the Syrians. Neither Sura nor Cersucum were always liminiferal of Roman dominion; and at every step, records

\* The unanimity which pervaded this expedition was, perhaps, one of its most remarkable features. We have heard that, on board the Euphrates, a cross word was unknown to the last moment. Well may Colonel Chesney speak in such high terms of officers whose services, like his own, have as yet met with no requital, save that most honourable one, his late majesty's unfeigned approval of their conduct.



of Greek, of Roman, of Jewish, of Sassanian and Parthian, or of Mahomedan industry, shew themselves; while every here and there, at Rehoboth, at Calne, at Nimrod, at Nineveh, at Acca-Kuf, and throughout the alluvial plain, more ancient relics attest an Assyrian or a Babylonian origin.

It is impossible to conceive, we have heard from one well capable of giving an opinion upon the subject, the inaccuracy of the most recent maps even of Syria: as to the Euphrates and the Tigris, nothing had been done, except Colonel Chesney's sketch. Is it not, then, a source of congratulation, that we have now in store a historical and geographical map of these first homes of our progenitors, and even plans of the cities of the early races of mankind?

Comparisons are invidious; but what did the exploration of the icy and snow-clad regions of the north offer to the pleasures of knowledge, compared with the rivers of Western Asia? yet how different the support given to the two enterprises! Worse—what was the difference in point of utility and of commercial advantages?

It has been argued by some, that it was shewing the way to a northern potentate—as if that country of schools and academies was ignorant of the existence of the Euphrates! And, indeed, if so, was it not best to be there first? but, if there once, is it not still more imperative that we should retain the position gained, nor retrace, in gloomy, unhoping thriftiness, and political supineness, the step that has been taken in a moment of intellectual boldness and honourable patriotic pride? Is Britain so sunk to all sense of her own dignity, and to all outward manifestation of her greatness, that, for a few thousand pounds, she will forego the advantages that 35,000*l.* and many lives have acquired for her?—a peaceful footing with four millions of tribes, the Havelites and Edomites of antiquity; the untutored, unfostered, but not irreclaimable, Arabs of the present day? This we know will not be. When Rome, occupied with domestic broils, neglected its foreign power, Rome was already in her decadence.

We do not intend to discuss the question of the Red Sea, compared with the Euphrates, more particularly as Colonel Chesney is in favour of both lines being opened; but necessity, entailed by the progress of steam navigation and modern enlightenment, has rendered imperative a different system of communication with our Indian possessions. And certainly the most strenuous advocates of the Red Sea line have never shewn any of the commercial and political advantages which are held out by the Tigris and the Euphrates, nor has the former line yet been proved to be available all the year; while it appears to be the opinion of all the officers, separately and independently communicated, that the Euphrates is an eminently navigable river, although, after the loss of the Tigris, the remaining steamer was not well adapted for overcoming the difficulties presented by the low season—nor is she the kind of vessel recommended, except for the lower part of the river. The question had been at first to construct boats, which should carry several days' provision of coal, as it was not thought that the Arabs could be depended upon; and this necessitated size, and a considerable draught of water: but now that it has been ascertained that depôts of wood, bitumen, or coal, may be formed at any point, steamers may be constructed to draw the smallest quantity of water possible; and the expense of such is alone necessary to make this noble river the scene of

active commerce and communication, and the seat of new communities of men. An experimental navigation can at the best only shew how the ultimate advantages are to be reaped, and this appears to us to have been fully accomplished.

Without alluding to the land routes, as proposed by Colonel Chesney, and which present so few commercial advantages, it appears that the line by Suez and the Red Sea demands a period of 53½ days for the outward passage, and 55½ for the homeward; while by the Euphrates it is only 46 days outward, and 52 homeward-bound. But what is more important, the first will require for its maintenance, a loss of not less than 30,000*l.*; while on the Euphrates, the loss, with twelve voyages a-year, would only be about 11,000*l.*, including, in both cases, the Mediterranean.

These are subjects, we again say, well worthy of reflection; the advantages which are presented by the opening of the navigation of the river Euphrates, belong to universal civilization, as well as to an increase of national power; and we are sure that none will feel but that the most prudent economy ought not to have interfered with, nor ought in future to lie in the way of the accomplishment of an object of such real interest and importance, both to ourselves as a nation, and to our possessions in the East.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

IMPROVEMENTS: THE HIGHLANDS, IRELAND, &c.: COMPRESSION OF PEAT.

SEVERAL of our Numbers have recently adverted to practical improvements of much commercial and agricultural interest. The expedition of steam, in its appliances by land and sea, is ever opening new ways and means to wealth; a slight scientific discovery shews how readily natural productions may be transported, in perfection, from one end of the earth to another, and countries clothed with additional beauty and fertility; well-conducted experiments teach how to impart facility and safety to the port, or how to form the very wave, and ride it triumphantly with sail and merchandise;\* and other carefully calculated operations in farming demonstrate that the waste may be reclaimed with advantage, and the most useless soil be forced to contribute bountifully to the wants of man. In this latter instance, we allude to the reclamation of peat-bog in Ireland by Lord Clonbrock, confirmed and corroborated by the testimony of the several individuals who had enjoyed opportunities of trying or witnessing similar labours.

The subject is, however, more especially pressed upon our notice by the Session of the Highland Society, at Dumfries, and the various suggestions and examples for improving the country to which it tends. Among these, it has been our good fortune to be eye-witness to a very simple, but, in our opinion, immeasurably important work, which, in an earlier stage (about a year ago), was described in our columns—we refer to the compression of peat or turf, so as to render it nearly, if not quite, equal to coal, not only for domestic consumption, but for mechanical and manufacturing purposes. We are indebted to Lord Willoughby d'Eresby for persevering through them all till he has conquered the difficulties opposed to this task, and finally and fully accomplished the object at which he aimed. In the first place, the fabrication of a machine to perform the

\* Refer to Reports of the British Association, and particularly to the papers on Steam Navigation, Mr. Ward's experiments on plants under glass, and Captain Denham's and Mr. Russell's communications.

operation was no slight obstacle, for its requisites were cheapness, ease in working, and efficiency. The two former being overcome, the latter demanded much ingenuity to discharge the moisture freely, and yet retain every particle of the combustible material. By simplifying the press, increasing its power, and wrapping the masses of peat in coarse linen, the consummation has been arrived at; and, a few days ago, we saw the wet and ragged turf, both of the surface and lower stratum, condensed in a few seconds to the hard, nearly dry, and shapely dimensions of a convenient article for firing. This sample was sent to the Highland Society; but we speak from our own observation of the process. From the first weight of eight pounds it was reduced to about 5½ lbs., by the discharge of 2½ lbs. of almost pure water, or 30 per cent. In bulk the reduction was nearly one half; and, when dropped from the press, there was a firm and compact body, fit, as we have said, for every economical and useful purpose.

It will be allowed that we do not over-rate the importance of this fact, when the circumstances attached to it are taken into account. 1st. In immense tracts of boggy country, where there is no other fuel, the very necessities of life are supplied by the common cutting of turf, and casting and drying of peat, which, after all, make but an indifferent fire. Yet it costs the labourer and his family much toil and much time. The original preparation is little to the long journeys, week after week, and in a changeable climate, to turn and sort the peats, so as to get them dry enough to burn—a desideratum not always achieved. Now, with Lord Willoughby's invention, the cotter and his family may make plenty of excellent firing, not only for their own consumption, but for sale to neighbours otherwise employed; and this of an infinitely superior material. It surely is not imaginative to foresee, from the single piece of substance now before our eyes, the capability of immense effects. Instead of the bare and imperfect supply of the absolute want for subsistence, we have that which is better, cheaper, more easily, and more abundantly made. We have a fuel which can be applied to every agricultural and manufacturing purpose; to the burning of lime, the smelting of iron, the propagation of steam; in short, to every thing which can ameliorate the condition of a population, and plant industry and activity where only idleness and wretchedness prevail. In the midst of the wild moor, the factory, with its engines and machinery, may raise its head; whilst the earth around is forced to assume the healthy forms of cultivation and productiveness. If we look at Ireland, the consequences cannot be calculated. The north of Scotland, too, offers a grand field for this improvement. In truth, it is altogether one of those happy inventions which need only to be followed up with alacrity and spirit to

"Scatter blessings o'er a smiling land."

#### BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

THURSDAY, October 5th, Mr. Reynolds in the chair.—After the announcement of presents of books and collections of plants, Mr. Freeman submitted to the society, a list of *Flora* observed and collected by him in the neighbourhood of Stratford, in Essex; and remarked briefly upon the importance of ascertaining the various species of different localities, as data for the establishment of geographical laws. A similar paper by Mr. Wallace, with judicious and interesting observations on the striking peculiarities of plants found near

Chelmsford, was read by the secretary: who, also, read extracts, translated from the work of M. Alphonse de Candolle, on the geographical distribution of alimentary plants. Barley (*hordeum vulgare*) is cultivated furthest north, in the Orcales and Shetland Isles (61° lat. N.), and even in the Isles of Ferøe (61° to 62°). Iceland (63½° to 66°) is deprived of it, although its industrious inhabitants have made every effort to acquire some species of cereal plant. In Lapland, its northern limit is about 70°. In Russia, barley grows between 67° and 68°, on the western side, and about 66° on the eastern. In Siberia, between 58° and 59°. Such is the sinuous curve which limits the cultivation of barley; and, consequently of the cereals. This line is the boundary of agriculture, beyond which, with the exception of a narrow, undefined line, in which certain edible lichens are procured, and where potatoes have been recently introduced, man lives upon animal products alone. As the line, beyond which barley cannot be cultivated, is so serpentine, circumstances, purely physical, must oppose the insurmountable barrier. The temperature of the seasons supplies the cause; for a certain degree of heat is evidently the physical condition of which the northern regions are deprived. A mean summer temperature of 8° centigrade is necessary for its perfection: this is proved by following the curve indicated. The Ferøe Isles have a mean temperature of the year centigrade, +7.3; of the winter, +3.9; of the summer, +10.16. Lapland corresponding temperatures, +1.0, -6.0, and +8.0: Russia, 0, -12 to 13.0, and +8.0. In the interior of America and Siberia, the limit of its possible culture is so little known, that it is better to abstain from a comparison. The lat., 58° and 59°, given for Siberia, may, probably, be advanced to the north. A mean temperature of 8° during the summer is the only indispensable condition for its cultivation. Iceland, where the cereals are not granaried, possesses a mean summer temperature of +9.7; the tempestuous rains alone prevent their growth. A map, drawn by the secretary, shewing the isothermal, isochimical, and isothermal lines, also the limits of the various alimentary plants, rice, maize, &c., was laid upon the table. Wheat was similarly treated of. The extracts from this interesting work will be concluded at the next meeting; when, also, a paper will be read by Dr. Bossey, on the plants which have been observed to produce the ergot. Members were requested to send in such duplicates of plants as they could spare for the Society as early as possible. The meeting then adjourned to November 2d.

## ELECTRICAL SOCIETY.

SATURDAY, Oct. 7th.—The first weekly meeting of the season was held in the theatre of the Adelaide Street Gallery, liberally granted by the council of that institution for the future meetings of the Society. Mr. Bradley exhibited a new thermo-electric apparatus, consisting of fifty-six pairs of elements, imbedded in plaster of Paris, in order, if possible, to prevent voltaic action, it being a disputed point, whether thermo-electricity be due to that agent partially, or entirely to caloric. The report of the committee was read by the assistant secretary: also, an address by Mr. Sturgeon, in which he explained the nature and objects of the Society, and advocated its cause from a full conviction that the cultivation of electricity will ultimately confer the most important benefits on mankind; and that a co-operation of experimentalists would render its data more numerous and exact than could be attained by the insu-

lated position in which they have hitherto been permitted to labour. The thanks of the meeting were voted to Mr. Sturgeon; also to the managing committee and secretary. Several new members were announced.

## ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

OCTOBER 2d. J. F. Stephens, Esq. president, in the chair.—The minutes of the last meeting having been confirmed, and other ordinary business transacted, numerous donations of entomological works from various foreign societies and naturalists were announced. Mr. Saunders exhibited a small but interesting collection of specimens from Central India; and Mr. Westwood, specimens of the grub which at the present time is committing serious injury on the turnips in the inland counties. He also presented specimens of two small insects, *Apion radiolus*, and *Haltica fuscipes*, ordinarily found upon the *Malva sylvestris*, but which he had noticed to be very injurious to the hollyhock. The same member also presented highly magnified drawings of the appearance of the secretion emitted by the domestic fly, produced by a disease which causes its death, and which has been considered a kind of plethora by Mr. Kirby, but which Mr. Macleay, at the Liverpool meeting, had regarded as a parasitic fungus. The memoirs read, were, 1. Notes upon the black caterpillar of the turnips, communicated by Mr. Sells, with additional observations by the latter; 2. Observations upon the hemipterous genus *Syrilis* of Fabricius, with a monograph of the genus *Macrocephalus*, by J. O. Westwood; 3. Observations upon the natural history of several species of *Estridæ*, found in the bodies of horses, by Mr. Sells.

## MARYLEBONE INSTITUTION.

A SECOND lecture, 'Upon the Science of Animal Organisation' was delivered on Monday evening, by Dr. Brewer, in which muscular structure and action were the sole topics considered. In alluding to the importance of this study, the doctor impressed upon his hearers, that the muscles must be considered not only as the frame-work, or skeleton of the animal, but the active agents in the most important actions of the organic system, viz. in circulation, respiration, digestion, &c. The structure of the muscles was then explained; and the theories of the method of their nutrition were considered at considerable length. In describing the muscles, the doctor adopted the plan of Bichat, who divides them into muscles of organic life, and muscles of animal life; the former being the involuntary, and the latter the voluntary, or muscles of relation. The functions, circulation, respiration, and digestion, were dilated on, and the lecture concluded with a review of the various theories of the nature of organic life.

## THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

SEVENTH MEETING: LIVERPOOL.

[Fifth notice.]

On Friday, though the last day, there was still a superabundance of matter to engross all the Sections, and they all assembled at their posts with their wonted alacrity. The punctuality of the morning meetings was a good deal promoted by there being a public breakfast daily in the large room of the Adelphi Hotel, where, from nine till half-past ten, a capital breakfast was provided, and the members, without trouble or inconvenience, prepared themselves for the business before them.

## SECTION A.

Mr. Lubbock brought under the consideration of the Section a theory of M. Poisson,

'On the Constitution of the Atmosphere' (published in a French philosophical periodical), and which he submitted as the ideas of that distinguished individual—not as emanating from himself. The theory seems to be absurd enough; since, if true, we should all be living, as it were, under a crust of thin ice, like a glass-case, round the world, at a certain height in the atmosphere: it being laid down that the air is an elastic fluid, and that a vacuum of 100,000 cubic inches would be filled by one inch, if introduced into that void space. But as the air becomes more cold as we ascend, to what extent does it continue elastic? M. Poisson says, that it is impossible that it, or any other fluid, can be terminated by a surface of its own nature. He considers it, therefore, to be divided into three layers, the centre one being kept in its place by the different pressures of the other two, above and below. The air above, he thinks, loses its elasticity, and becomes a fluid: if so, it might become a solid; and if we admitted the reasoning of the air being bounded by something differing in its mechanical constitution, we could not avoid the idea of an external surface of ice, having the properties of reflecting ice. If the surface were such as to reflect like a mirror, we might expect to see objects reflected, mountains, &c. An individual in a balloon might see a reflection of a mock sun above the real sun. But if that had never been seen, it would do away with the idea. Some other optical consequences were mentioned by Mr. Lubbock, in further support of this hypothesis; and especially that of a sunset behind Mont Blanc being seen a few seconds after the disappearance of the luminary, reflected at a given angle from a superior point in the atmosphere.

Sir D. Brewster saw several objections, fatal to the theory, in the laws of reflection; and observed that even if he (M. Poisson) escaped reflection, he did not see how he was to escape refraction. The earth's refraction is small; this would require it to be ten or fifteen times greater. He considered the theory altogether untenable.

Professor Stevelling thought there were great difficulties in it. There was demonstration against the particles of the atmosphere being unlimitedly small, which this theory seemed to uphold.

Mr. Lubbock did not think these points had escaped M. Poisson: but, finally, he, as well as the other members who took part in the discussion, seemed to think Sir D. Brewster's reasoning conclusive.

Professor Phillips then read a Report from the committee, appointed last year, 'On Subterranean Temperature.' The meteorological committee had granted 100*l.* to institute experiments, and collect data, on the state of the earth near the surface, and also on the condition of the atmosphere. One moiety of the money only had been spent on the first object, subterranean temperature. They had given out 72 thermometers, with tables of registry to be filled up. No general statement was yet ready. It had been found that the variation of the sun's influence was not beyond a certain depth, where it was uniform; but that it augmented in some places, and in various geological strata at very different rates, more than others. At a colliery at Wigan, the surface temperature being 50°, 50 yards deep, the temperature was constant 53°; at 150 yards, temperature constant 56½°; at 250 yards, 63°; it being remarkable that 100 yards augmented 6½°, and about 1° for 16 yards in descent; while in France it was 1° for 15 yards. The Professor was authorised to say that the committee



would supply thermometers and registries to gentlemen connected with collieries. In some cases it was observed that the vicinity of water caused various results, and that different rocks were found to contain different conducting powers. It was mentioned, among other curious results, it might be twelve months before the sun's heat reached the depth of 26 feet. The learned Professor also stated that Professor Forbes had sunk thermometers in different places near Edinburgh, from February to September this year, and the variations were very great, but corresponded with similar observations at Brussels. Several excellent suggestions were thrown out; and the question between granite and superincumbent slate, in allowing moisture and heat to penetrate, was ingeniously treated, though with considerable differences of opinion.

Major Sabine reported the progress which had been made towards the completion of a Report on the Magnetical Lines of Dip and Intensity in England, similar to the report on the lines in Ireland, contained in the volume of the reports of the Association in 1835, and to that on the lines in Scotland, contained in the volume for 1836. The observations on the lines in England are already made in the portions of England undertaken by Professors Lloyd and Phillips, and by Mr. Fox. There yet remained some stations in the portions undertaken by Captain Ross and himself, which would be visited as soon as the present meeting was closed. The gentlemen who were thus engaged in this inquiry were desirous that their observations should be combined and form a single memoir, which Major Sabine had been requested to draw up; in which memoir it was also designed to review the determinations in Ireland and Scotland, considered in conjunction with those of England—to combine them together as parts of one magnetical survey—and to connect the British lines with corresponding determinations in the neighbouring parts of the continent of Europe, as far as the observations hitherto made on the continent will enable this to be done. Major Sabine reported that the observations to be included in this report were at this moment much further advanced, than was the case with the observations either of the Irish or the Scotch reports, at those meetings of the Association which respectively sanctioned their publication: and he engaged that, should it be the pleasure of the Association to sanction the printing of the report now in progress in the volume of the publications of the Association for 1837, it should be ready by the time the general secretary would require it for the press.

Dr. Robinson read an interesting paper, 'On the Parallax of  $\alpha$  Lyrae,' in which he shewed that the observations of Dr. Brinkley, which had, twenty years ago, given a parallax of 1" to that star, had been differed from by the Greenwich observations; and that his own observations had also given contradictory results, varying from a mean of  $-1.28''$  in 78 observations, to  $+0.20''$  in 70 others; hence he considered the subject (one of the most important as regards our system) to be still open to astronomers. Sir W. Hamilton bore testimony of the consistency of the circle at Dublin.

Professor Powell read a short paper 'On the Radiation of Heat;' and Mr. Mackie a long one, 'On the Tides of Glasgow and Dundee.' He observed that we cannot implicitly rely on the time of high water to within half an hour, and shewed that, in the 16th century, the Clyde was so interrupted by shoals, &c., that there was water for only very small vessels.

The increase in 80 years has been from 4 to 16 feet in the height of the water at Glasgow Bridge, owing to improvements in the river.

Sir W. Hamilton then addressed the section 'On a New Application of the Calculus of Principal Relations,' a highly abstract mathematical question, and such as not one among ten thousand readers would understand, were we to attempt a report of it.

Mr. Ettrick presented a beautiful Instrument to demonstrate the Velocity of Electricity; which he conceived that he had proved to travel at the rate of 116,797 miles per second; but whether it travel at this speed, at 200,000 miles per second, as shewn, or thought to be shewn, fifty years ago (not forgetting the demonstration that it could beat the mail-coach hollow!), or at some other ratio, only inferior, in aught we know, in nature, to light, remains yet to be seen; and we hope much from the ingenious experiments of a Wheatstone (when ripe enough to be given to the world), and the masterly researches of a Faraday.

Professor Christie closed the session by remarks, 'On a Peculiar Phenomenon seen at Sunset in the Isle of Wight,' being, just after sunset, a ray of the same magnitude as the sun's diameter rising vertically  $30^\circ$  or  $40^\circ$ , of a uniform yellow tint. Various members of the Section spoke on the subject. Lieut. Morrison, R.N., had seen similar phenomena; but no definite conclusion was arrived at as to the cause: and the section, after having voted thanks to Dr. Robinson and others, finally closed its labours.

#### SECTION B.

Mr. Dick exhibited and described a Cast-Iron Bottle of a new construction, for generating Oxygen Gas from Common Oxide of Manganese.

Professor Johnston then read his very able report 'On Dimorphous Bodies.' Dimorphous bodies, he stated, as far as observation has gone, are very limited; and he exhibited a table of those already known. They are bodies whose mechanical structure is different as respects the form of the crystal, but whose component parts are chemically alike; and having this further quality, that such bodies are capable of replacing each other. It would appear that sulphur crystal rises into different forms, when subjected to different degrees of temperature; the name then given is dimorphous. Carbonate of lime crystal rises into two forms; so also does the carbonate of lead. It then becomes an exceedingly important question to chemists, to ascertain what is the nature of this difference. Although he had stated that these bodies were capable of replacing each other, it was by no means to be assumed that their ultimate molecules were alike; on the contrary, we were not sure but that all bodies may have the same property. Yet, so far as he had been able to observe, a relation existed between all dimorphous bodies; and, when it was considered that they are capable of replacing each other, they must have a general analogy of constitution, although the area and base of each may be essentially different. If he might be allowed to give an opinion on the subject, he would say that the principal cause of dimorphism was temperature. As an instance, the protoxide of lead, when heated to a certain temperature, becomes red; at a lower temperature it is yellow; and the crystals of each are essentially different. Sulphur, at a moderate temperature, becomes liquid; at a still higher one it becomes thick; and, at a still higher, it becomes again liquid. The result of the report was, that, taking into consideration these and other facts, it followed that there must be a molecular dif-

ference between the crystals of these bodies. There was no other method of accounting for the difference of appearance.

Professor Whewell, after examining the tables produced by Professor Johnston, and bearing testimony to the profound research of that gentleman, asked whether he had detected any definite optical difference between the crystals of dimorphous bodies. He also objected to the frequent use made of the term atoms; and remarked, that until we came to some definite conclusion as to what atoms really were, it was worse than useless to employ a term which suggested nothing definite.

Mr. Penson also objected to the use of the term atom.

Dr. Kane said, that although the term was used, it merely was in relation to the proportions in which matter was formed.

Mr. Faraday also objected to the term atom. He had never used it, and considered it to be an inapplicable term. He regretted much that Dr. Dalton should have applied a term to which something tangible was attached, to such a purpose. The true proportion would not lead to any misapprehension, and it was quite reasonable to suppose substances to unite in half proportions; whereas, the idea of half an atom was particularly absurd. Professor Johnston had merely used the term atom in conveying a popular idea of his experiments to the meeting; the term would not occur in his written report.

Professor Whewell said, that, at their meetings, professors should be cautious in the language they used; and if any erroneous expression were allowed to pass unnoticed, it would be imagined by those ignorant of the subject, that they were correct, and the tacit admission of the society would be construed into an authority. He considered the Association to be the guardians of the pure technicology of science.

Professor Liebig was called on to read a paper, 'On the Products of the Decomposition of Organic Bodies;' but, as he feared his foreign pronunciation of the English language might cause him to be ill understood, he requested Mr. Faraday would do him the favour to be his representative. This request being acceded to, Mr. Faraday read the paper which was upon *uric acid* and *urea*. The subject is one of infinite interest to all organised beings such as man; and yet it is extraordinary how little attention has been paid to it. That we are fearfully and wonderfully made, is a truism; and what inquiry can be more important than an investigation founded on the decomposition and recombination of any portions of our animal structure, so as to lead us to the light in regard to that formation? *Allantoin* is, we believe, the only organised substance previously treated in the same manner with the present subject; and the results, in both cases, are very curious and striking, though, from the character of the experiments, they are not such as would suit any but a medical journal. Suffice it to say, that *urea* is the base of uric acid—a remarkable agent in our economy. We are unable to detect it in any except one branch of our system; and it seems to be composed of 10 carbon, 4 nitrogen, 4 hydrogen, and 6 oxygen.

Both in the Section, and afterwards in the Amphitheatre, it was generally acknowledged that the talents of English chemists had been directed far too little in this direction, Dr. Prout being almost if not the only individual who had written upon it; and it was strongly recommended to more especial notice. On the Continent, it has of late been more attended to; and Professor Liebig's labours were highly praised.

It will be seen that a grant of money has been voted for their further continuance; as well as a similar grant for experiments on *inorganised* bodies to Professor Johnston.

Mr. Ettrick's Paper 'On a New Mode of Bronzing Gun Barrels' was next read. It appeared that, having ineffectually attempted to elicit the secret from the gunsmiths, Mr. E. had accidentally hit upon a more simple and effectual mode himself. His recipe was to apply one part of nitric acid, diluted with one hundred parts of water, with a rag to a gun-barrel, care being taken that the liquid did not run down the barrel. This being applied six times, the barrel was dried in the sun, and afterwards coated with a solution of one grain of nitrate of silver dissolved in one hundred parts of water. The barrel is finally, when dry, to be polished with bees' wax.

A discussion then took place upon the Strength of Iron by the Hot and Cold Blast, being almost a repetition by Mr. Fairbairn, of what he had already stated to the mechanical section.

Mr. Mussett stated the result of experiments made, the preceding day, at a foundry in Liverpool, for the purpose of ascertaining the loss in remelting cast iron by the hot and cold blasts. It appeared that there was little or no difference; the loss being from  $2\frac{1}{2}$  to  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent in each case, the least loss being in the hot-blast iron. It thus (as he contended) was proven that the waste complained of in hot-blast iron was totally without foundation.

Dr. Thomson read his 'Report upon the Specific Gravity of Nitric Acid and Alcohol,' illustrated by long tabular statements.

Dr. Dalton's paper was then read by his brother, 'On the New Production of Carbonic Acid by Plants Growing in the Atmosphere.' The subject is a favourite one of the doctor's, and the title gives the results of his experiments. It is worthy of remark, that the paper was written by Dr. Dalton for the Association, since his serious attack in February last.

The proceedings of the day, and of the section, were then closed by the reading of a long paper, by Mr. Rigg, on the peculiar changes which occur during the growth of vegetables.

#### SECTION C.

Mr. Murchison read a Paper, 'On Professor Agassiz's New Genera of Fish in the Silurian Rocks.' After complimenting the learned gentleman on the many important discoveries he had made, he said that he was glad to state that the grant of 100 guineas had been renewed by the society to enable him to carry on his great work. That the 8th and 9th *livraisons*, devoted entirely to English fishes, had been sent to him (Mr. Murchison), but had, unfortunately, been mislaid. M. Agassiz, he continued, considered fishes as the true phenomena of the age of the rock in which they were found, and that each district of rock was known by its peculiar species of fish. As to the circumstance of a fossil fish having been found, in good preservation, in the ancient Silurian rock, he (M. Agassiz) had never seen such fishes in such strata; and he trembled lest they should belong to classes which he had never mentioned: but, to his joy, he found that he had not only noticed them, but accurately described them. Professor Sedgwick stated, that, in general, geologists, when giving names to new discoveries, pitched upon some barbarous and crackjaw words; but, he was happy to say, that, although M. Agassiz certainly composed his names of compound Greek words, they were of a truly classical nature. He also begged to draw the attention of the Section to some fossils which had been brought from New South Wales.

Mr. Griffiths said, that, at the meeting held in Dublin, he had promised to bring forth his Geological Map of Ireland; but, as some improvements were being made, he begged to shew the proof sheets of the engraving, as many people might think it was a long time coming out. The scale was that of four miles to one inch, being larger than the Map of England by Mr. Greenough, the scale of which was six miles to the inch. He then proceeded to describe a coloured section of the carboniferous limestone of Ireland, running from east to west, from Butler's Bridge (180 feet above the level of the sea) in the county of Cavan, to the sea below Benbulbin, on the opposite coast. In describing the various strata, &c., he pointed out the valley of the Shannon at its source, 298 feet above the level of the sea; also, the mountain Benbo (1365 feet above the same level), which, he said, was composed of gray granite, the face, in most parts, studded with garnets. He begged to call the attention of the section to the geological difference between England and Ireland, the latter being nearly all limestone; the different lines of demarcation were also accurately described. Some fossils were exhibited, found in the limestone in Sligo, all of which were before known with the exception of one, called, by the inhabitants of the country, the old cow's horn; also, some marine shells, &c., found in the gray shale, in the mountain of Kulkeagh.

Sir Philip Egerton remarked, that the study of organic remains was very important; that it was at the mountain of Kulkeagh he, with hammer in hand, first commenced his researches, but that he had never been able to ascertain any fossils in the bed of sandstone of that mountain.

Mr. Greenough and Professor Sedgwick here argued, whether it was possible to distinguish particular beds by particular fossils.

The Rev. D. Williams next read a paper, 'On some Specimens of Fossil Wood he had discovered in the Graywacke of Devonshire,' and wished to know the date of the peculiar deposit in which these plants had been found. A very strong argument took place, whether the Graywacke rock, in which these plants (which were of coal formation) were to be found, was of the coal formation, or Silurian. Mr. Murchison was of the former, and Messrs. Greenough and De La Beche of the latter, opinion.

Professor Sedgwick was partly of Mr. Murchison's opinion, and said, perhaps the plants had not been clearly proved to be of coal formation; if they had, there must be a difference between the upper and lower parts of the culm measure.

Mr. Hopkinson read a paper, 'On the Refrigeration of the Earth.' He supported the theory that the earth originally existed in a state of liquid fire; and, from its form, and the nature of its crust, contended that, cooling throughout the period of many thousands of years, its present appearance fully warranted this philosophical conclusion; and that it might become solid, either from causes operating on the surface or at the centre. This theory, he remarked, was rejected by many, because, as they asserted, it did not agree with the Mosaic account of the creation; but to such persons he would say, that this account is only to be taken as regards man, and not as regards the actual age of the earth. There were some who made a bad use of the truths which geology made manifest, and made it a peg to hang their irreligion on; but these truths did not make the philosopher irreligious, but, on the contrary, made his religion rest on a firmer basis. Professors Whewell, Phillips,

and Sedgwick, testified their approbation of the paper just read, and praised the philosophical caution that had characterised the researches of Mr. Hopkinson.

#### SECTION D.

The following was the list of the last day papers.

1. Mr. R. Mallet—On the Power of Reproduction in Aged Trees from the Centre of the Trunk.
2. Mr. J. Smith—On some Undescribed Shells.
3. Mr. Macleay—On the Destruction of the Pier at Southampton by *Lymnoria terebrans*.
4. Mr. Gray—On some New Shells in the Royal Institution of Liverpool.
5. Rev. J. Reade—On the Solid Matter found in the Ashes of Plants and Animals.
6. Mr. J. Sibson—On the recent Disease in Potatoes.
7. Mr. F. Taylor—An Exhibition of *Goliathus magnus*.
8. Mr. Lindley—On the Affinity of *Orobancha*.
9. Mr. N. A. Vigors—On the Arrangement of Birds according to their Affinities.
10. Mr. W. H. Smith—On Garden Tillage as applied to Agricultural Purposes.

Thanks were voted to Lord Derby for his reception of the Section, &c. on the preceding day. Mr. Mallet's paper related some curious illustrations of his subject. Mr. Smith's shells we have elsewhere described.

Mr. Reade's experiments on the solid parts left after the combustion of animals and vegetables, upon which, also, Professor Henslow expatiated, shewed that the deposits were purely siliceous; whilst on the other hand, similar experiments made on silicious structures, proved their great analogy to plants and animals.

Dr. Lindley offered some remarks on the subject of the affinities of the *orobanche*, to shew that it had no connexion with the natural order *Scrophularia*. By a French writer it is placed with *Gentiana*, who states that it had the flowers of the former and the fruit of the latter. Another Russian writer removed it, and placed it in a distinct order. He found upon examination, that it did differ from the *Scrophularia* in the situation of the carpels, and in this respect it becomes more clearly identified with *Gentiana*. From all circumstances, he would consider it more nearly belonging to the latter; but there was a question whether it was not connected with *Monoptera*. So far as the presence of albumen in seeds depended, it was not to be considered a specific mark of distinction, and, therefore, we must look out for some more specific mark. It will be found necessary to separate the present distinctions of monocotyledonous plants, the affinities being so often violated.

Mr. Taylor exhibited a specimen of *Goliathus magnus*, with the jaw of a shark, and oil extracted from its liver. The former differed from all specimens previously noticed, in the form of its head. With the exception of a specimen in the British Museum, this is the only one ever exhibited. The shark was taken off the isle of Manse, in the William Nash, and the liver was supposed to contain about fifty gallons of oil.

Mr. Macleay gave a description of a new fungus which he had seen the day previous in the window of a hotel in the town.

Mr. Macleay referred to a letter read from Captain Ducane, on the changes taking place in the Palæmons, and also exhibited some pieces of the wood of the pier at Southampton, which is almost destroyed by the "gentle" action of soft water. The protection afforded to the port is such as is favourable to the propagation of the *Lymnoria terebrans*; and for this circumstance he had recommended the rebuilding of the pier with stone. The insect was first discovered by Dr. Leach, and has destroyed several piers upon the coast.

Mr. Hope suggested the use of what is called gas lime, which is very noxious to the insect, as

the foundation of piers of wood; and also the use of iron pipes, that had become corroded from the gas.

Dr. Lindley suggested that the piles should be well saturated with solution of corrosive sublimate, which would probably be a perfect protection.

Mr. Macleay considered that sea animals would attack any metal, but that the clearness of the copper protected, according to the plan of Sir Humphrey Davy, was owing to a poisonous medium on the surface, from which circumstance he recommended that the piles should be covered with copper.

Mr. Gray described several new Land Shells in the collection of the Royal Institution, remarking on the importance of such local exhibitions in the advancement of subjects of scientific inquiry, and recommending the attention of such objects to local naturalists. These were a new genus of land shell between *Helix* and *Anostoma* and some new species which he designated as *Achama furrata*, *Coracolla filomarginata* from India, and *Paludina yatesii*, the largest and most beautiful species of the genus. He also exhibited a new land shell, being the first of the kind seen in this country, found by Mr. G. Aberazzi of Preston, a local naturalist.

Mr. Vigors postponed the reading of a paper, 'On the Affinities of Birds,' until the next meeting, on account of the shortness of time allotted to the meeting of the Section.

A member remarked on the first paper, and asked the opinion of the meeting upon whether the circumstance of trees growing within trees was not produced by natural grafting. A long conversation ensued, in which Professor Graham and others took part.

Mr. Hope described several new Species of Insects which he had found in a collection in Liverpool, possessed by Mr. Mally, containing several specimens not included in any other collection in Europe.

Mr. Macleay took a review of the proceedings of the Section during the present sitting, which he characterised as not being of less importance or interest to any other, and being equally varied.

The thanks of the Section were proposed to the chairman by Professor Graham of Edinburgh, who complimented him and the Section upon the very efficient manner in which the chair had been filled.

#### SECTION E.

Thanks were voted, on the motion of Dr. Yelloly, to Dr. Rutter and the other members of the Medical Institution for the great accommodations they had afforded the Section.

Dr. Warren (Boston, U.S.) read a paper, 'On the Skulls of Mound Indians,' i. e. the *crania* found in large mounds in the interior of North America, as compared with those of South American Indians. He stated that a considerable number of years ago, he accidentally came into possession of a cranium, which struck him as an extraordinary one; and, on examination, he found that it differed from the crania of all the well-known nations, and the individual nations composing those races. He was led by this to make some inquiry into its history, and he ascertained that it came from the banks of the Ohio river, far back in America, in what was called the Western Country, and that it was discovered in a cavern on the top of a high and almost inaccessible rock, at the distance of about forty or fifty feet from the banks of the Ohio, by some hunters who took refuge in the cave. They there found the skull and the other bones of the skull in a fine state of preservation.

The bones were so situated, that they might have been there for several ages without decomposition, the calcareous rock which formed the bottom of the cavern absorbing all moisture. From the inaccessibility of the place in which they were found, it was probable that they had remained there for centuries. It was natural to suppose that this head must have been one of the aboriginal Indians of North America; but, on examination, he ascertained that that was not the fact, its whole structure being different to the Indian crania. He suspected that it might have connexion with those races which had been discovered to be deposited in the ancient works or mounds of North America, and he soon obtained heads from that part of the country, and satisfied himself of the fact. He would presently state the particulars in which they differed from other heads. They had frequently heard of the mounds in the interior of North America. They were exceedingly curious, and were found in the wilds which had scarcely been trod by the foot of civilised man, and were covered with immense forests. They found elevations of earth which were quite extraordinary, and would be so even in any country. These mounds were covered by immense trees, and the observer was struck at once with the great antiquity which must belong to them. There were different kinds of mounds. There were some which had a great resemblance to fortifications, regularly made, and of considerable extent. There was one at Cucum, which was more than a mile in diameter, and which was surrounded by a high kind of wall or fortification, about thirty feet in height, with regular openings in different parts of it, and these openings guarded by interior works, similar to fortifications, to defend the entrances to apertures in fortifications in the present day. These mounds were generally situated near the confluence of important rivers; there was one at the conflux of the Ohio and Muskingum rivers; they were so situated as to command the passage of the rivers. The mounds in the interior of these fortifications were perfectly regular, flat on the summit, and frequently a sort of bowl or centre part on the top of the summit. They were, apparently, intended for the purposes of interment, and partly for places of worship; and, probably, the excavation found on the summit was a place where human sacrifices were made. Some parts of the work of these mounds were very similar to parts found in South America, in the great temple at Calumna. These works were of very great extent, extending a length of 1000 miles, from the banks of the great lakes in Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, and filled all the most fruitful parts of North America. The head he had spoken of as having obtained, was taken from one of these circular mounds, and, in common with all the heads taken from those mounds, differed from the Indian and European formation. There was less extension of forehead than in the European head, but it resembled it; the elevation of the forehead being equal to the Caucasian race. The vertex also was uncommonly elevated. The seat of the organ of veneration seemed to be very much developed; and it was evident that they were a very religious nation, for there was evidence that they made many sacrifices. The formation of the skull approached to the Peruvian. But the most remarkable fact was, the flattening of the occiput, which gave the cranium a peculiarly rounded form, and some even were quite circular. The occiput also was almost always more flattened on the right side than on the left. Another pecu-

liarity in these heads was, that the *palatine fossa* was of a rounded form; this arose from its narrowness. The lower we descended in the scale of races, the nearer we approached the animal formation. They knew that in the animal formation the jaws were very elongated, which gave them greater perfection in taste and smell. There was an approximation to the African race, in a small degree, in the North American Indian; but, as we rose to the Caucasian race, the palate was shorter and smaller; so that, probably, taste and smell was inferior in the Caucasian races. So that animals, probably, had a power in discriminating noxious smells and herbs, which we had not. After he had been in possession of these heads for a number of years, he was anxious to generalise his remarks. When he was expecting contributions from the interior part of the country—for the mounds were situated very far from the part where he lived, many thousand miles; it was difficult also to obtain these bones, as many of them were found in a state of decomposition—he found one morning three heads lying on his table, the party who had left them having gone. He immediately examined them, and stated them to be skulls of the Mound Indians. But, a few days after, the gentleman who had furnished them, came to Boston, and said to him, that these heads were the heads of Peruvians, and that they were taken from an island near the city of Sibia, a place renowned amongst Peruvians, where Mango Copa was said to have descended from the sun, in order to enlighten the Peruvian race. He afterwards shewed the skulls to Dr. Spurzheim, and he said they were all precisely of the same race. He perceived that the organ of constructiveness was peculiarly developed in all these heads. This led him to inquire further into the history of the Peruvian heads, and he found three descriptions: one similar to the one he had been describing, having a flattened occiput, temples wide, and forehead particularly elevated. But there was another description, much more common, which was of an oblong form, and very much resembled an egg in shape. In this, the occiput, instead of being compressed and flattened, was very prominent indeed. Then, there was a third kind of Peruvian head, which did not exhibit any marks of compression. The first kind were all remarkably irregular, and wanting in symmetry. These heads had evidently been artificially flattened on the occipital and frontal part, and were well known to belong to the Inca race of Peruvians, as they were taken from the place where they were buried; and they also had some specimens of the people amongst them. [The lecturer here described that a whole family of the noble race of Inca had been buried with their clothes, and every part of them was in a surprising state of preservation, just as they lived before the Spanish conquest. The tomb in which they were found, was circular, like a well, lined with bricks, and near the bottom a flat stone was put down, supported at the sides like a floor, leaving a large cavity underneath. The bodies were then put into the tomb upon this stone, and loose earth thrown over them. The cavity underneath the tomb drained off the water and damp, and the bodies were thus preserved.] Having traced the exact similarity between the Mound skulls and the Peruvian skulls of the Inca race, the conclusion was irresistible, that these two people had a cognate origin. Now, they were situated at a distance of 1000 or 1500 miles from each other, and the heads of the intervening nations were entirely different from the one or the other. At



first this appeared to him very extraordinary. And here he might remark on the great importance of investigations by anatomists, to point out the history of those nations which tradition did not hand down to them. There was a race between these two races, and they had heads almost as flat as a pancake. [A Peruvian head was here exhibited, which had been subjected to artificial compression, and which was nearly square, being perfectly flat behind, and nearly so on the forehead.] He must say, for the benefit of phrenology, that so far from the intellects of these flat-headed persons being inferior, the Indians who possessed them were quite equal in intelligence to others of the same nation. He had the head of a celebrated chief who had a most extraordinarily flattened forehead, and he was known to have remarkable talent. In fact, no person was thought of any consequence in that country, unless he possessed a flat head. They then legitimately inferred, that these two nations were closely allied to each other: that was, the nations who had inhabited the Mounds, and the Peruvians, because there was no resemblance between the heads of these nations and any other heads that were known. He might conclude with just intimating that there had been observed to be a resemblance between these two sets of heads, and the heads of the Hindoo race; the same rounded form, and similar smoothness in the bones of the head and face. The conclusion drawn was, that the race of the Mound Indians was entirely dissimilar to the North American Indians; and second, that they were entirely similar to the Peruvian race, which would lead to the inference that these two were one race, which was an evidence, also, that the American Indians had emanated from two different sources, one from the south part of America, and the other from the north-west coast.

Upon this paper a phrenological discussion was got up; but it was not allowed to last very long, or at least so long as the phrenologists present seemed to desire.

Professor Evanson read an able treatise, 'On the Functions of the Brain;' which also led to phrenological opinions, &c.; the endless controversy about which was ended by the decision of Dr. Carson, in the chair.

Dr. McIntosh made a communication, 'On some Morbid Anatomical Appearances in cases of Cholera;' and Dr. Carson 'On the Circulation of Blood in the Head, and the Use of Ventricles in the Brain.'

The usual compliments and thanks being voted, the Section closed its labours, which produced several very valuable papers; some of little consequence, and the common consumption of time in elucidating medical truths (or the negative) by medical debate.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### NATIONAL MONUMENTS, WORKS OF ART, ETC.

A CORRESPONDENT informs us that the spirit which assembled the meeting at Freemasons' Hall, for the purpose of obtaining free admission to national monuments and works of art in public edifices, is spreading into distant parts of the country. The dean and chapter of Norwich have set an example of liberality upon the subject, by ordering the venerable cathedral of that city, which contains so many monuments of successive ages, to be kept open for public inspection one hour every day, in addition to the usual periods of divine service. In Edinburgh, also, the late disgraceful scene, when the Turkish ambassador was refused a

sight of the Scottish regalia, appears to have excited so much disgust, that the Lord Provost and council have applied to have those objects of national and general curiosity henceforth exhibited to the public without charge or restriction.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

##### *Proofs of the Plates of Ackermann's Forget me Not, for 1838.*

TEN very pleasing plates; headed (the place which it deserves) by a fine and expressive female portrait, engraved by Thomson, from a picture by Lawrence, and entitled "La Sevillana." Of the other specimens, our favourites are—"Rosanna;" a charming "Meditating Maid," engraved by Rolfs, from a drawing by Jenkins; "The Rich and the Poor," an interesting familiar scene, engraved by Stocks, from a drawing by Parris; "The Christening Party," a brilliant sunset, engraved by Greatbach, from a picture by Knight; and "Cloisters of Santo Paolo, Rome," a magnificent exhibition of columnar architecture, engraved by Carter, from a drawing by Prout.

##### *Illustrations to Friendship's Offering, for 1833.* Smith, Elder, and Co.

A TASTEFUL and entertaining *mélange*. We would point out, as especially entitled to admiration—"The Hon. the Misses Beauclerk," two graceful and elegant portraits, engraved by F. Bacon, from a drawing by A. E. Chalon, R.A.; "Torcello," a singularly picturesque port, engraved by A. C. Armitage, from a picture by C. Stanfield, R.A.; "Youth and Beauty," either of which might easily be mistaken for the other, engraved by J. C. Edwards, from a picture by Miss F. Corhaux; "The Forsaken," who certainly does not deserve to be so, engraved by A. Fox, from a picture by T. Harper; "The Captive's Wife," an interesting union of conjugal grief and maternal affection, engraved by W. H. Simmons, from a picture by T. M. Joy; and "Still in my Teens," whose wisest wish would be never to be out of them, engraved by H. Cook, from a picture by H. Richter.

#### BIOGRAPHY.

##### MR. SAMUEL WESLEY.

THIS accomplished scholar, and extraordinary musical genius, expired without a struggle, on the afternoon of Wednesday, the 11th instant, about twenty minutes past four o'clock. The following biographical sketch of him is abridged from a notice which has appeared in a morning paper.

Mr. Wesley was born on the 24th day of February, 1766; he was, consequently, in his seventy-second year. When only three years old, he could play and extemporise freely on the organ; and before he was five, had taught himself to read and write a print-hand, from his unremitting study of the oratorio of *Samson*, which he committed entirely to memory. He also learned by heart, within a month, the whole of Handel's overtures; and before he was eight years of age, he had composed and written out an oratorio, which he entitled *Ruth*. Before he reached the year of his majority, he had become an excellent classical scholar, a fine performer on the pianoforte and organ, and unquestionably the most astonishing extemporaneous player in Europe. His prospects in life were unfortunately clouded by a dreadful accident which befel him in the year 1787. Returning from spending the evening with an intimate friend, in passing through Snow-hill, he fell into a deep excavation, which had been

prepared for the foundation of a new building. Here he lay insensible, until daylight disclosed his situation, and he was conveyed home. His head had received a most serious injury, and the medical attendants wished to perform the operation of trepanning; but Wesley obstinately refused his consent, and his wound was permitted to heal. This he ever after regretted; for, it is supposed, that in consequence of some portion of the skull adhering to, or pressing upon the brain, originated those periodical states of high nervous irritability, which subsequently checked and darkened the splendour of his career. For seven years immediately following his accident, he remained in a low desponding state, refusing to cultivate his genius for music. On his recovering, he prosecuted the science with the utmost ardour, bringing to light the immortal works of Sebastian Bach, then alike unknown here and on the Continent. In 1815, when on his journey to conduct an oratorio at Norwich, he suffered a relapse of his mental despondency; and for another seven years, he retired from public life, endeavouring to find relief in the constant attendance upon public worship, and living with the austerity of a hermit. In 1823 he recovered, and up to 1830, composed many excellent pieces, and was much engaged in public performance on the organ. He then relapsed into his former state; but in August last, partially regained his health and spirits. It soon became evident, however, his constitution was undergoing a great change. When at Christchurch, Newgate Street, about three weeks ago, he rallied, passed a delightful day, and spoke in the evening of Mendelssohn, and his "wonderful mind," in terms of the strongest eulogy. On Saturday last he played extemporaneously to a friend, and composed some psalm-tunes. On Monday he endeavoured to write a long testimonial for an old pupil, but which his strength only permitted him to sign; and in the evening retired to his room, with a presentiment which has been but too accurately verified.

As a musician, Mr. Wesley's celebrity is even greater on the Continent than in his own country. His compositions are grand and masterly; his melodies sweet, varied, ever novel and unexpected; his harmonies bold, sublime, and imposing. His resources were boundless; and if called upon to extemporise for half-a-dozen tunes during an evening, each fantasia was new, fresh, and perfectly unlike the others. His execution was very great—close and neat, and free from labour or effort; and his touch on the piano-forte delicate and *cantante* in the highest degree.

Mr. Wesley was remarkable for energy, firmness, nobleness of mind, freedom from envy, penetration, docility, approaching to an almost infantile simplicity, and unvarying adherence to truth. These characteristics were united with a credulity which exceeded, if possible, that which marked his uncle, the celebrated John Wesley. His passions were exceedingly strong; and, from a habit of always speaking his mind, and his having no idea of *management*, or the *finesse* of human life, he too often, by the brilliancy of his wit, or the bitterness of his sarcasm, unthinkingly caused estrangement, if not raised up an enemy. His conversation was rich, copious, and fascinating. No subject could be started which he could not adorn by shrewd remarks, or illustrate by some appropriate and original anecdote. For many years it had been his constant habit to study the Bible night and morning; and as no meal was taken before he had offered up his orisons to Heaven, so he never lay down without thanks.

giving. He has left a large family, nearly all of whom are distinguished for their talents and acquirements. The younger branches, although of very tender years, display evident indications of fine intellect, and that exquisite sensibility which characterised the parent.

### DRAMA.

**Drury Lane.**—This theatre,\* still under the management of Mr. Bunn, opened on Saturday with *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and a new drama by Mr. Planché, entitled *The Child of the Wreck*. The former introduced Downton and Miss H. Cawse, and the latter Madame Celeste, whose trip to America has not at all spoilt her; she is still a sweet actress, and materially assisted the success of *The Child of the Wreck*, which is, however, a good melodrama, but rather too long.

**Covent Garden.**—A three-act play, entitled *The Novice*, was produced on Wednesday evening with considerable and, with few exceptions, well-merited success, at this house. We have not yet heard the author's name; but he appears to be well acquainted with stage business, and has thrown some highly dramatic scenes into this play, which would, however, be far more effective but for the exceptions we are about to take. In the first place, it is too long, and requires curtailing as much as any modern production we remember; indeed, whole scenes might be left out, and others shortened, with great advantage: but we do not like finding fault, so will proceed with the merits, which greatly predominate. The story is laid in Bavaria, the Elector of which place (Warde) is blessed with a jealous wife, whose whims and fancies are not, however, without foundation, as the Elector is in the habit of consoling himself with other compliant beauties, for the hen-peckings he gets at home. In his search after these he is aided by his Jew prime minister, *Baron Solomons* (Bartley), with whose assistance he is about to add another to his already numerous collection, of whose portraits, by the by, he has a celebrated gallery, known as that of the "Court Beauties." This other is *Clotilda Lillienstein* (Miss Faucit), who has been educated at a convent, where she has fallen in love with a young artist, *Herman Verstein* (Anderson), by whom her love is returned. On her way to court she is waylaid by *Herman*, who has been urged to this step by *Count Carolstadt* (Vining), who turns against him by the advice of *Solomons*, and aids in the rescue of *Clotilda*, being promised a handsome doucener and a colonelcy in the guards, on condition of making her his wife; this he accepts, and she proceeds to court: offended at her lover's unkindness, she is induced to sign a marriage contract with *Carolstadt*, which, after a tedious explanatory scene, he destroys, and the lovers are

made happy. Here we might conclude, as we have not space to give the underplot, which is, however, well constructed; but we must notice the acting, which was, in every respect, most excellent. Warde, Bartley, Vining, Meadows, and Mrs. W. Clifford, deserve great praise for their exertions in the author's service, as does Miss Faucit, who acted a good part with great judgment and grace: but our best acknowledgments are due to Mr. Anderson, who played the artist in a delightful manner; nothing was overdone nor left undone, and he made a trifling part quite prominent. Some of the scenery is new and beautiful, and no cost seems to have been spared in the production of the *Novice*, which, with the judicious curtailing already noticed, will become a standard piece at Covent Garden.

**Haymarket.**—Mr. Sheridan Knowles' new comedy, *The Love Chase*, was produced on Monday, and has been played every evening since with great and increasing success. It is one of the most charming productions we have witnessed for a very long time, and is acted in a style of unsurpassable excellence: we shall not give any details, as every one will go and see it; but we extract the following passages to show the poetry scattered through the scenes.

#### The Chase.

"Well, Master Wildrake, speak you of the chase!  
To hear you one doth feel the bounding steed;  
You bring the sun and moon, and all to view—  
All cuddling to the jovial huntsman's cheer!  
And yet I pity the poor crowned deer,  
And always fancy 'tis by Fortune's spite,  
'That lordly head of his, he bears so high—  
Like Virtue, stately in calamity,  
And hunted by the human, worldy hound—  
Is made to fly before the pack, that straight  
Burst into song at prospect of his death.  
You say their cry is harmony; and yet  
The chorus scarce is music to my ear,  
When I bethink me what it sounds to his;  
Nor deem I sweet the note that rings the knell  
Of the once merry forester!"

#### Original and Gastronomical Simile.

"Her voice  
Comes melting from her round and swelling throat,  
Reminding you of sweetest, mellowest things—  
Plums, peaches, apricots, and nectarines—  
Whose bloom is poor to paint her cheeks and lips."

#### Description of a Lady Dancing.

"Yet that's a trifle to the dance: down which  
She floats as though she were a form of air;  
The ground feels not her foot, or tells not on't;  
Her movements are the painting of the strain,  
Its swell, its fall, its mirth, its tenderness!"

#### Candour in Love.

"I cannot think love thrives by artifice,  
Or can disguise its mood, and shew its face.  
I would not hide one portion of my heart,  
Where I did give it and did feel 'twas right,  
Nor feign a wish, to mask a wish that was,  
Howe'er to keep it. For no cause except  
Myself would I be lov'd."

#### A Hunt passing through a Country.

"To wood and glen, hamlet and town, it is  
A laughing holiday!—Not a hill-top  
But's then alive!—Footmen with horsemen vie—  
All earth's astrir, roused with the revelry  
Of vigour, health, and joy!—Cheer awakes cheer,  
While echo's mimic tongue, that never tires,  
Keeps up the merry din! Each face is then  
His neighbour's glass—where gladness sees itself,  
And, at the bright reflection, grows more glad!  
Breaks into tenfold mirth!—laughs like a child!  
Would make a gift of its heart, it is so free!  
Would scarce accept a kingdom, 'tis so rich!  
Shakes hands with all, and vows it never knew  
That life was life before!"

We do not hold that the study of the older dramatists has been of much service to Knowles: from them he gets quaintnesses—peculiar phraseology—now quite out of use; but it is in himself and his warm true feelings, that he finds the snatches of poetry that are his great and prevailing charm.

Of the actors and actresses we have naught to say, for it would be invidious to select any of them for particular praise, except Mrs. Nisbet, who plays the part of *Constance* in the most perfect manner, and draws down the most rapturous applause; for ourselves, we shall

hate to see any one else in the character, doubting if it be possible for it to be acted as it is by Mrs. Nisbet. The *Swiss Swains* likewise continue a prosperous career. We believe the dialogue is from the pen of Mr. Webster, who plays one of the swains himself; the other is sustained by Mr. Collins. The story, though exceedingly improbable, is very amusing; and *Swiss Swains* nightly follow in the wake of *The Love Chase*.

**St. James's.**—The *Cornet* has been played every evening with increased applause, but we are almost unable to redeem our last week's promise of a more detailed notice, as the plot is too intricate for us to transfer it to our pages; we can, however, state, that it is capably acted and sung by Misses Rainforth and J. Smith, Messrs. Giubelei and Burnet. It is full of incident and very entertaining. The public do not patronise Mr. Braham in the way he deserves, for he is really an excellent caterer: his own appearance will, we hope, draw better houses, though those that have already passed, have been far from bad. The *Assignment* also retains its place, and is well worth seeing; Harley's acting of *Pierre Dubois*, which Vernet rendered so complete, is a capital conception, in a very different style, of the same part. To our readers we sincerely recommend a pleasant evening's amusement at the St. James's, which is certainly the handsomest theatre in London, not even excepting "that jewel of a place" the

*Olympic*, where Madame Vestris is reaping a rich harvest in overflowing houses. A new farce, produced on Thursday, was completely successful. We shall speak further of it hereafter.

**Adelphi.**—Yates has transplanted *The Dumb Man of Manchester* from Astley's, where it was extremely popular, and engaged Dacrow to personate the character, which he does with great truth and interest; his acting is, in fact, quite as intelligible as speech, and the *Dumb Man* in conjunction with *Power's Rory*, has drawn bumper houses since our last.

**The Strand** concluded a prosperous season on Thursday, on which evening Mr. W. J. Hammond had an overflow for his benefit.

### VARIETIES.

**Statistics.**—The importance of obtaining full and regular statistical reports and returns, on the authenticity of which implicit reliance may be placed, has been long and generally felt. A periodical publication, devoted to the subject, has at length been commenced, under the title of "The Statistical Journal." An examination of the first Number, and our acquaintance with the talents and attainments of its editor, satisfy us that, if this work be supported as it deserves, it will be the means of diffusing "a vast mass of valuable information, digested in an available form, for statesmen, political economists, men of business, and, in short, every reader who seeks to store his mind with truly useful knowledge." One of the most interesting papers in the first Number relates to the statistics of France.

**The Elgin Marbles and the Public Taste.**—In the report of the parliamentary committee on arts and manufactures, it is recommended that casts of the best specimens of sculpture be transmitted from the metropolis to other towns, at the lowest possible cost, in order to facilitate the formation of galleries at various institutions, and thereby disseminate good taste. This object has been opportunely advanced by the request of the French government to ours, for permission to have the Elgin marbles cast for the benefit of their national exhibitions.

#### \* DRURY LANE THEATRE.

##### "To the Editor of the 'Morning Chronicle.'"

SIR,—Allow me to call your attention to the practice adopted by the present management of this theatre. The proprietor, when he announced the performances for the first night of the season, also announced the prices of admission as reduced: the pit, for instance, to three shillings, the half-price, one shilling and sixpence. Now, sir, on my presenting myself at the pit-door on Tuesday evening for the half-price, two shillings were demanded as the price of admission. Several persons observed to the cashier that the price advertised was one shilling and sixpence, but he coolly observed, "that he believed it was so, but there was some mistake in the announcement." This is an imposition upon the public which I am satisfied has only to be brought to your knowledge to insure your early notice of it: and thus prevent the public being exposed to a practice very annoying, though, no doubt, it has the merit of benefiting the treasury of the proprietor.—I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

Oct. 12, 1837.

##### A CONSTANT READER.

This letter requires no comment from us; it is extracted from the "Morning Chronicle" of yesterday.—Ed. L. G.

It was not considered advisable to trust the operation to any but the moulder usually employed by the British Museum; but, in order to meet the wishes of our enthusiastic neighbours, Mr. Sarti has received orders to cast those valuable remains of antiquity, and the recommendation of the committee on arts is to be carried into effect by the sale of those admired relics of Grecian taste at the price of the plaster and labour. This looks like encouragement to taste, and it is hoped that the managers of literary and scientific institutions will not neglect the advantage thus offered.

**Weather Wisdom.**—Quite out all the week: we hope for better success in that to come. "The 15th will be milder, as the sun has the declination of Jupiter. Changes on the 17th. The sun aspects Jupiter on the 19th, which mends the weather a little; but on the 20th the balance will turn in favour of cold."

**Clerical Duet.**—"The Queen," says a Brighton correspondent of one of the London papers, "attended at the Chapel Royal in the morning, and heard the Rev. Mr. Anderson, who preached, while the Rev. Mr. Hale read prayers."

**Fontana.**—This celebrated engraver, who was a pupil of Raphael Morghen, died at Rome, on the 18th ult. in his 74th year.

### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

**Bibliotheca Scholastica;** or a Scholastic Dictionary, describing the manners, customs, institutions, &c., of the ancient Egyptians, Assyrians, Greeks, Romans, Normans, &c., by P. A. Nuthall, LL.D., translator of Juvenal, Horace, &c.

In the Press.

**Divine Emblems,** with Engravings, after the fashion of Master Francis Quarles, by Johann Abrecht.

### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The Poetical Works of Robert Southey, LL.D., Vol. I. containing Joan of Arc, Ecce Homo, &c.—A Manual of Veterinary Pharmacy, by W. J. T. Morton, 12mo. 6s. Mathew's Criminal Law Statutes, 12mo. 6s.—Burke's History of the Landed Gentry, Vol. II. small paper, 18s.—Quain's Anatomy, 4th edition, Part I. 8vo. 12s.—Turner's Chemistry, 6th edition, Part I. 8vo. 7s.—Peter Parley's Universal History on the Basis of Geography, 2 vols. small 4to. 12s.—The Child's Fairy Library, Series 1st, square, 2s. 6d.—Friendship's Offering, 1838, 12s.—Grammar of Modern Geography, by Peter Parley, square, 4s. 6d.—The Diocesan Statutes of the Province of Leinster, by the Rev. R. J. McGhee, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—The Protestant Missions Vindicated, by the Rev. J. Hough, 8vo. 4s.—Rev. C. Girdlestone's Farewell Sermons at Sedgley, 12mo. 4s. 6d.—Shipman's Attorney's New pocket Book, 12mo. 12s.—A Tribute of Gratitude from a Humbled Sinner, 12mo. 2s. 6d.—Richardson's Fauna Americana, Part IV. (being Birds on Insects) 4to. plain, 15s.; col. 15s.—Oriental Annual, 1838, 12s. 2s. 6d.—De Porquet's French and English Verses, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—Notes on Nets, &c. by the Hon. and Rev. C. Bathurst, LL.D., 12mo. 4s.—Statutes, 8vo. 7 William 4th, and 1 Victoria, 1837, 11s.—The Parerret, or Whole Art of Forming Flower Gardens, by C. F. Ferris, Esq. 12mo. 6s. 6d.—The Forget-Me-Not, for 1838, 12s.—The Flowers of Loveliness, for 1838, 11s. 6d.

### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1837.

September.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 28	From 59 to 62	29.99 to 30.00
Friday... 29	59 to 61	29.98 to 29.99
Saturday... 30	59 to 64	29.99 to 30.00
October.		
Sunday... 1	42 to 65	29.96 to 29.99
Monday... 2	51 to 68	30.03 to 30.09
Tuesday... 3	49 to 70	30.00 to 30.09
Wednesday... 4	56 to 68	29.92 to 30.02

Prevailing wind, N.E.

Except the mornings of the 28th ultimo, and 1st instant, generally clear, with rain at times.

Rain fallen, .0625 of an inch.

October.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 5	From 45 to 65	30.13 to 30.11
Friday... 6	53 to 65	30.01 to 30.00
Saturday... 7	42 to 63	30.00 to 30.13
Sunday... 8	45 to 63	30.10 to 30.07
Monday... 9	44 to 59	30.14 to 30.19
Tuesday... 10	40 to 62	30.20 to 30.25
Wednesday... 11	49 to 63	30.26 to 30.31

Wind, S.W.

Except the 9th, 10th, and 11th, generally clear; rain on the 9th and 10th.

Rain fallen .3375 of an inch.

Edinburgh. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

### ADVERTISEMENTS, Connected with Literature and the Arts.

**DIORAMA.**—Will positively be closed for the Winter Season on Saturday next, the 31st instant.

TO ARTISTS, TOURISTS, AND ADMIRERS OF THE FINE ARTS.

**PARLOUR'S PORTABLE SKETCHING-CASE,** or DELINEATOR, is confidently recommended to the notice of all persons attached to the Science of Drawing, as being infinitely superior to the Camera Lucida, and all other instruments hitherto invented, for the purpose of Sketching. The Sketching-Case may be held in the hand, and a correct Drawing made of any object or landscape; or it may be attached to a table, in the same manner as the Camera Lucida. It is simple in its management, and does not exceed, in size, the common Sketching-Book. Manufactured for the Patentes, by Reeves and Sons, 150 Chesham; may be had, also, of Smith and Warrand, Marylebone Street; and of Messrs. Hill, Oyston, and Charing Cross; and at all other Opticians and Artists' Repositories. Ladies and Gentlemen who have the Camera Lucida may have the Delineator altered by their own taste.

**EDINBURGH REVIEW,** No. CXXXIII. Advertisements for the forthcoming No. are requested to be sent to the Publishers on or before Thursday, October 19, and Bills on or before Saturday, October 21.

30 Paternoster Row, October 19, 1837.

**THE PERUSAL OF NEW BOOKS.**

The German and Prussian mode of circulating new Publications for perusal is adopted at Messrs. Saunders and Otley's extensive Establishment, Conduit Street, Hanover Square. Families, Book Societies, and Literary Institutions are supplied throughout England, Scotland, and Ireland. A Prospectus of the Plan, Terms, &c. as a single letter, on application (post-paid) to Saunders and Otley, Publishers, Conduit Street.

**THE BEAUTIFUL GRISETTE** rose up when I said this, and, going behind the counter, reached down a parcel, and, unrolled it, I advanced to the side over against her: they were all too large. The beautiful grisette measured them one by one across my hand. It would not alter the dimensions. She begged I would try a single pair, which seemed to be the least she held it open; my hand slipped into it at once. "It will not do," said I, shaking my head a little. "No," said she, doing the same thing. "—Stern's Sentimental Journey." A highly finished Line Engraving by George T. Doo, Historical Engraver in Ordinary to his late Majesty William the Fourth, from a Picture by G. S. Newton, R.A., of the above subject, will shortly appear.

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